

The TATLER

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Two busy friends spend a few hours each day in despatching books. One on the left likes for spring a Tailored Jersey Jacket; her's is fir green. There are many shades. $69/6$. The Check Jacket is from the Coat Salon and tailored beautifully, is $94/6$



Harvey Nichols

THE TATLER

LONDON
MARCH 19, 1941

and BYSTANDER

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A Soldier's Daughter: Miss Rosemary Brooke

General Sir Alan Brooke, Commander-in-Chief British Home Forces, a dynamic personality and energetic soldier from Northern Ireland, has a twenty-three-year-old daughter Rosemary, who follows in her father's footsteps in her choice of career. She was a member of the F.A.N.Y. for some time before the war; in the M.T.C. at Aldershot shortly after the outbreak; and is now a company sergeant-major in the A.T.S. She acts as an instructor at a new centre for training women drivers, to which she is attached. Her cousin, Sir Basil Brooke, Bt., of Colebrooke Park, Co. Fermanagh, is the Chief Whip in the Parliament of Northern Ireland.



Way of the War

By "Foresight"

Anglo-American Unity

WITH the Lease and Lend Bill safely on the American statute book we enter upon a phase of collaboration between the United States and the British Empire far closer than any we have known before. It is not only for prosecution of the war against the Powers of the Axis Alliance, but must continue long after in the work of post-war reconstruction. While there will obviously then be many difficult political and territorial problems to solve, still more important, perhaps, will be the creation of a new economic order.

Already this thought is very present in the minds of the younger school of politicians and diplomats on both sides of the Atlantic. A straw showing the drift of the wind is the departure for Washington of Mr. Walton Butterworth, Jr., who has become a figure of steadily growing importance since he came as a Third Secretary to the American Embassy in London seven years ago. He has been recalled to take up the post of No. 2 to Mr. Jesse Jones, Minister of Trade and Commerce and head of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. This is the body which, more than any other single department, will be concerned with developing a common Anglo-American war economy. It will do so with an eye to the general scheme of things to come after the war.

The Right Man

MR. BUTTERWORTH is the right man for the job. He still has the vigour of youth, has had first-class diplomatic training and experience and is an accepted authority on economic and financial matters. In London he has been the trusted lieutenant not only of Mr. Cordell Hull, but also of Mr. Henry Morgenthau, the Secretary of the United States Treasury. In the years to come he and his fellows of the younger school may find their paths diverging from that on which Mr. Cordell Hull has set his feet so firmly. Undoubtedly they look towards closed economies as the inevitable order of the future and will be in conflict with the Free Trade policy for whose restoration Mr. Hull has worked so hard.

This does not necessarily mean conflict, for the change will come by evolution from a state of affairs already existent. Already in trying to increase wartime trade with Latin America, to buy up surpluses and hold them against the needs of the now occupied countries when once they have been released from the German grip, we have been forced to recognise the new problems created by the closed economy system. But if the hopes of the democracies are to be realised in a better future for the world, it will be necessary for the British Empire and the United States to stand firmly together, using the economic strength for beneficent ends.



New M.P.

Mrs. Beatrice Rathbone has succeeded her husband, the late Flight-Lieutenant J. R. Rathbone, as Unionist Member for Bodmin, Cornwall. She comes from Boston, Mass., is the second American-born woman M.P. (Lady Astor is the other). Her husband was killed in action in bombing operations over Germany three months ago. She has a small son and daughter who are in America; has herself been working over here for the American "Bundles for Britain" organisation.

Only a year ago Britain and France were congratulating one another on the decisions they themselves had reached in this direction. The agreements publicly recorded were the first-fruits of a far-sighted economic policy very dear to the heart of M. Paul Reynaud. Anglo-French plans were laid with full understanding that they must follow lines which could command the approval and support of the United States. Already it was seen that the post-war world could be built only with the fullest American collaboration. Now one of the founder partners lies in the dust, powerless for the time being to help in the task, America has stepped into the breach.

Convoys for Food

ONE of the first points on which Britain has had to seek a joint policy with the United States has been that of allowing the passage of food ships to ports in unoccupied France. The matter had been under discussion for some little time, but was brought to a head last week by the series of apparently challenging statements of Admiral Darlan, to the effect that he was responsible for feeding forty million people and he meant to do so even if he had to employ force to get his merchantmen through the British blockade.

Quite clearly Admiral Darlan has no power to distribute food to forty million Frenchmen. Two million are unhappily prisoners in German hands; another twenty-eight million are little better off as residents in the German-occupied area of France. Thus only by passing on the bulk of this food to the Germans and relying on them to give it to thirty of the forty hungry millions could Admiral Darlan approach to his declared aim. Even as matters stand the Germans are known to seize from the French from half to two-thirds of every food cargo which does reach the unoccupied ports; for their agents are present everywhere.



King Haakon Welcomes Norwegian Patriots

The British Navy, after their successful and daring raid on the Lofoten Islands, where the damage to the oil plants was greater than at first supposed, rescued over 300 loyal Norwegians, mostly aged between eighteen and twenty, who wished to join the services in this country under their own flag. King Haakon held a reception in their honour at Rotherhithe to welcome them here. Scenes of great enthusiasm followed the King's speech. Norwegian naval and military officers and ratings took over the care of the volunteers on their arrival in England. The King is seen leaving Rotherhithe after the reception.

Germany's Cunning Game

FRANCE's food troubles derive entirely from the German occupation. So much must be clear from the fact that, before the war, France was the only country in Europe capable not only of self-support, but maintenance of that standard of living which the Frenchman properly enjoys. Moreover, M. Caziot, the Vichy Minister of Agriculture, recently stated that two-thirds of France's former food resources were derived from the unoccupied zone. But the bar on traffic between the two zones and the plundering expeditions of German troops and commissioners into the unoccupied area have doubtless created a difficult situation for the Vichy Government.

Thus Germany derives the benefit of getting everything possible out of unoccupied France and need not even incur too much French hostility; for Admiral Darlan is fighting their battle for them. If he can be persuaded to convoy French ships with the surviving units of his fleet, and be brought into a clash with the British Navy, Berlin will be all the more delighted.

America probably favours Britain taking a lenient view of these food shipments. Unlike ourselves, the United States has a full-fledged Embassy at Vichy, and the Counsellor, Mr. Murphy, who has been recalled to Washington to report, has recently been on an extensive tour of French North Africa. They may justly say that they are in closer contact with the trend of affairs in France and her Empire than we are ourselves.

Transport and Distribution

BRITAIN and America have already agreed to ship certain cargoes of food and other essentials of life to Spain. This may be part of the American reason for wanting to send corresponding shipments to France. On the transatlantic run there is some reason to think that American warships may soon be found convoying the merchant ships bringing supplies of all kinds to help those who are waging the battle against the Axis.

We have agreed to cargoes for Spain because



The Minister of Transport Adds a New "Number One" to His Record

Lt.-Col. J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon, already famous for holding the R.A.C. No. 1 certificate for pilots, and notable for having FLY 1 as his car number, has now added to his record by being the first official driver of the first streamlined locomotive on the Southern Railway, 21 C-1, or more poetically the "Channel Packet." His comment on her when he named her at the Eastleigh works last week was, "she is strong and she is lovely"



The "Channel Packet" is the first of a new class of three-cylinder single expansion high-pressure air-smoothed locomotives (known to the public as "engines") built for the Southern Railway and designed by the company's chief mechanical engineer, Mr. O. V. Bulleid. These are to be known as the Merchant Navy Class, and the "Channel Packet's" destiny in happier days will be in the Continental boat express service

we are reasonably satisfied that they cannot be passed on to Germany; so great is Spain's own need. But in all such matters we should be doubly assured if America, making free gifts to deserving causes in Europe, would assume not only responsibility for their safe conveyance across the Atlantic but also for their unloading into the hands for whom they are intended. This is not always easy in ports where Gestapo agents abound.

It would be but a short step beyond ocean convoy to the landing of a few friendly American marines who, in conjunction with the American Red Cross organisation, could completely safeguard the chain of delivery from producer to customer.

Abuse of Bags

SUITCASES are not the only forms of baggage which may contain unexpected and highly dangerous packets. Mr. George Rendel's was an unpleasant experience in Istanbul last week, when it proved that some explosive suitcases had been put among the legation luggage before the party left Bulgaria. Lately it has been found that the diplomats and couriers of other pseudo-neutral countries have been taking advantage of their immunity from search to carry the stock-in-trade of the international spy through the British control at many important points. Many things, from interesting photographs to German-made wireless sets can be stowed away in a diplomatic bag and thus passed through our lines direct to the enemy.

This is especially a feature of the present war in which most important military operations may be executed from bases in a country not at war—such as the British in Egypt—or where a country is at war with one of the principal belligerents but not with another. This latter is the case in Greece, at war with Italy but not with Germany.

In these and kindred capitals the diplomats and couriers of enemy, or enemy-occupied

countries may enjoy perfect freedom to pass back to their Quisling governments information of the greatest military importance. Hitherto Britain has been extremely lenient, observing all the niceties of international pre-Axis diplomatic practice. Reports reaching me recently suggest that a stiffer and more realistic attitude is in course of being adopted.

(Concluded on page 444)

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO ALL OUR READERS

As most of our readers must by this time be fully aware, the Publishing Houses of Britain are passing through difficult times. Coupled with a curtailment of paper supplies owing to shipping difficulties, all production costs have been greatly increased.

This being the case, the Proprietors of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER, following the example of many others, with the greatest reluctance have been compelled to raise the price of this journal from 1s., as hitherto, to 1s. 3d. per copy.

Owing also to the urgency of the paper-supply problem, waste must be entirely eliminated. Therefore, you should not rely upon a casual purchase of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER but you should place a definite order at once.

Starting with the issue of April 2, the price of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER will, henceforth, be 1s. 3d. per copy.



Air-Marshal Garrod Inspects Cadets

Acting Air-Marshal Garrod, Air Member for Training on the Air Council, went to Kingston to inspect a unit of the Air Training Corps which has been formed at the Grammar School there. It is to him that the A.T.C.'s Director, Mr. Wolfenden, head master of Uppingham, is directly responsible

Myself at the Pictures

By James Agate
It Didn't Dizzy Me!

I ADMIT there were difficulties about *The Prime Minister* (Warner), the chief one being to avoid presenting Dizzy as an astute old fox half a field ahead of the European pack. That was the Arliss "line." Then, of course, we couldn't be fobbed off with yet another version of Housman's bereaved statesman wooing his bereaved and Royal mistress.

Yet there was a way for an entirely new film, one which would have showed Disraeli as a world-figure with a genius for home affairs. Indeed, there came a moment when the script-writer put his finger on this new film and then abandoned it. There were shots of newspaper headings announcing the passing of this and that bill to amend this domestic evil and reform that abuse. Then why not have shown us the evils and abuses in their full spate and swing?

CONSIDER the state of the London seamstress when Disraeli first went into politics:

"There are not less than fifteen thousand seamstresses in London; and during the season their working-hours are anything from fifteen to eighteen hours a day; the result is, that these young girls, sometimes scarcely more than children, never

have more than six, frequently not more than three or four, and often only two hours out of the twenty-four in which to rest, sleep, and eat. It is not unusual, indeed, for these girls not to undress for nine consecutive days and nights, during which time they throw themselves 'for a moment or two upon a mattress, and are given food, ready cut up in order to require the least possible time for swallowing.' Incurable blindness and tuberculosis are often the fate of these girls. . . ."

And here is a picture of a seamstress's end:

Upstairs on the floor of a windowless room at 3 Lion Court, Bermondsey, lies a thin huddled drift of feathers, so thin and dirty that it might be a cobweb. It does not cover the body of Ann Galway, aged forty-five, who is lying dead beside the starved but living body of her nineteen-year-old son. In this room, there is not one stick that had once been part of a table, a chair, a bedstead. There is no cup, no knife, no plate, no utensil of any sort. It is a room for the dead who have no necessities. There is only the small drift of feathers, scattered over this ghost of a ghost, lying dead beside the living ghost of her nineteen-year-old son. No coverlet, no sheet, hides her nakedness, but the feathers have stuck so fast she must be plucked like a fowl before the cause of death can be known and proclaimed at the inquest—hunger and cold.



"The Prime Minister" at the Warner Theatre

Queen Victoria (Fay Compton) speaks kindly to Mrs. Disraeli (Diana Wynyard), who has just heard her husband ask that the title offered him by the Queen might be conferred instead on his wife. On the right, John Gielgud is seen as the old and tired Prime Minister, showing a remarkable likeness to many portraits of Disraeli. This ambitious film (discussed by Mr. Agate here) was produced by Warner Brothers and directed by Thorold Dickinson. It will be remembered that Mr. Gielgud portrayed another famous Jew, Shylock, in "The Merchant of Venice" at the Queen's Theatre in 1938

Does anybody say that this sort of thing would not have made a picture? My retort is: Tell that to Eisenstein. I can imagine nothing more striking than the oriental dandyism of the statesman-fop displayed against the double background of Victorian comfort and Victorian squalor.

EVEN the life-long antagonism between Disraeli and Gladstone is lacking in finesse and, above all, in wit. We look in vain for the pictorial equivalent of such a passage as this:

"Consider Mr. Gladstone, at five o'clock on the day of his marriage, reading the Bible with his wife; contemplate Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone engaging a cook only after they had had a long conversation with her on religious matters. And then think of that aged but ever-brilliant firefly Mr. Disraeli dancing, when in old age, a Highland fling, clad in his nightshirt, with Mrs. Disraeli, clad in her nightgown, because they had received the news that a stroke of good luck had befallen one of their friends."

And whom does the reader think I have been quoting? The answer is Miss Edith Sitwell. Which brings me to my point, or rather points. Why does the British film industry so markedly eschew mind? Has it not realised that when it comes to mindlessness Hollywood will always have it beaten to a frazzle?

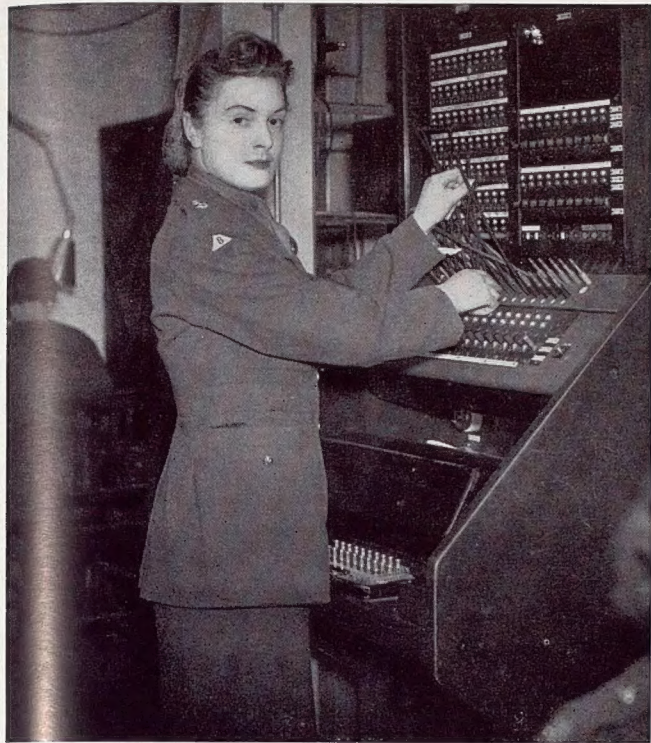
Why, again, do not our picture magnates seek advice? Why rely upon uneducated yes-men? Why not ask, when a film about Disraeli is in contemplation, who has written well about Disraeli's period? Will they ask Miss Sitwell, Mr. Arthur Bryant or Mr. Philip Guedalla to lunch and a chat? No.

Does it occur to them that a film-critic might help? No. I cannot speak for the others, but my price for such a consultation is a taxi to Claridge's, lunch including a pint of Bollinger N.V., and a taxi back again.

And what would I have done in return? (I may say that whatever I am given to eat and drink I repay ninefold.) I would have told my film-hosts that a Miss Sitwell had written a book called *Victoria of England*. I would have told them not to set a scene at Lady Blessington's unless there was something adequate to be acted in that setting. I would have advised them to leave alone such trivialities as velocipedes and shower-baths. I would have reminded them that Gladstone looked more like a burnt-out eagle than a dissatisfied Hoxton pawnbroker. I would have drawn attention to his nose. And I would have warned them that glamorous Miss Diana Wynyard would be as much like the very home-spun Mrs. Disraeli as I am like Sardanapalus. Indeed, a great deal less like.

MR. GIELGUD's Disraeli? This is a careful and competent portrait. But does it quite come up to Sir John Skelton's description in *Talk of Lothair* of "the potent wizard with his olive complexion, coal-black eyes, and the mighty dome of his forehead—no Christian temple, be sure"? Sir John tells us he would as soon have thought of sitting down at table with Hamlet, Lear or the Wandering Jew. Whereas I would willingly dine with the charming actor who has charmingly pretended.

But lunch is my point, not dinner. I feel that if I had lunched with those magnates I should have told them to make a bigger film with more brains to it or, in their jargon, think up something else.



Pamela Irving, a great-granddaughter of Sir Henry Irving, the famous actor, joined the A.T.S. when war began. Pamela Irving has mastered a complicated telephone switchboard, and operating this is her wartime job



Noel Coward has been travelling many thousands of miles in the last year or so, in America and the British Empire, in the role of an unofficial envoy. This photograph was taken during his visit to the Thermal Region at Whakarewarewa, Roto Rua, New Zealand, where he received the usual friendly welcome and reception

Stage War News



Gertrude Lawrence gave two tickets for her successful play, "Lady in the Dark," and an inscribed silver thimble to Mrs. Wales Latham, National President of the American organisation in aid of Bundles for Britain. They are seen in Gertrude Lawrence's dressing-room at the Alvin Theatre. Most of her salary, nearly £1,000 a week, is given to British War Relief Funds. At a recent charity carnival, in a transatlantic telephone conversation, Gertrude Lawrence offered C. B. Cochran the London rights of "Lady in the Dark"



Anna Konstam had her cigarette lighted by a courtly Beefeater after her performance as the villainess in "Once a Crook," said to be the first play ever given in the Tower of London. This delightful Gordon Harker thriller was set on a romantic lamp-lit stage, up a winding staircase, in the White Tower, and played to an enthusiastically appreciative audience of troops and Beefeaters. "Once a Crook" is back again in London at the New Theatre

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"Applesauce" (Palladium)

ONE by one the pre-blitz shows are drifting back to London. *New Faces* has reappeared at the Apollo. *Once a Crook* has bobbed up again at the New. *Swinging the Gate* and *Up and Doing* are shortly due at this theatre or that. *Applesauce*, formerly at the Holborn Empire, is now at the Palladium.

If we've seen them before it would be churlish to complain. It is in the natural order of things that there should be little new.

This is especially so where revues are concerned, though many people imagine quite the opposite. What a chance, I am often told, these days, for a red-hot, live satirical revue! But I beg leave to differ. For one thing, satire thrives on civilisation, and civilisation does not thrive on war. For another thing, satire begins, oddly enough, at home. It is easier to be satirical about one's friends than about one's enemies. Have you seen the Charlie Chaplin film? Does it not convincingly demonstrate that to be satirical about Hitler and Mussolini without being dismally obvious is almost impossible?

Our own institutions present a far more inviting and entertaining mark. But the more the war goes on, the less satirical is it possible to be about anything at home. Unless, roughly speaking, you want your head chopped off. Or you might be black-listed by the B.B.C. Think of the ignominy of that.

POSSIBLY, you saw *Applesauce* at the Holborn Empire. I didn't. And so, the other afternoon, I made acquaintance for the first time with Mr. Max Miller, of whom I had heard much but seen nothing. Mr. Miller is a cheeky, good-humoured plebeian comedian with an address that is easy and sly, a glib technique, and (so far as I could judge) just one idea in his head. That idea is the feminine sex, and when I say sex, I mean sex. Woman in his philosophy as a comedian would appear to exist for one thing and for one thing only. "You and I know what that is," he seems to say every time he casts the gallery a knowing glance, which is practically every time he makes a joke.

His point of view is crystallised in a sketch with an altogether nice and charming girl (Miss Jean Carr), with whom he engages in hopeful conversation on the Embankment at night. "Do you like smoking?" he asks, to which she answers, "No, I don't like smoking." "Do you like night clubs?" he asks, to which she answers, "No, I don't like drinking." "Do you like kissing?" he asks, to which she answers, "No, I don't like kissing." "What!" exclaims Mr. Miller, "you don't like smoking, you don't like drinking, and you don't like kissing!" And thereupon he tips her into the



Jack Stanford: the Dancing Fool

Thames, and there is a blackout, and the joke is over.

He goes down enormously.

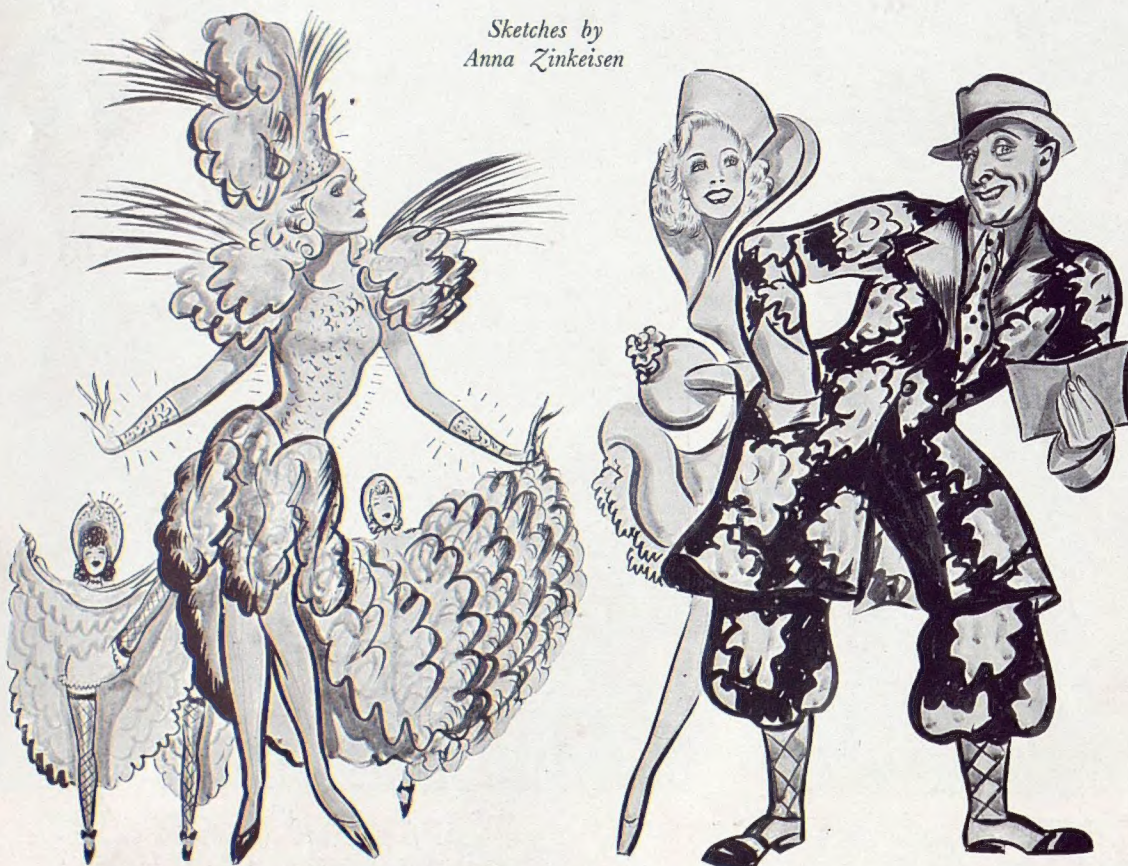
MISS FLORENCE DESMOND I (of course) already knew and (again of course) already admired. At the Palladium she appears twice, once as a French star from the Folies Bergère, and once in her imitations. The Folies Bergère star I have seen more divertingly done by Miss Hermione Baddeley, Miss Cicely Courtneidge and others. Brilliant as she is, Miss Desmond lacks the lightness of touch, the sauciness, and the glitter that are indispensable if this impersonation is to be elevated to a plane higher than that of cleverness.

Her imitations are as good as ever, which is saying as much as ever, and the same as always. Having seen her so often, I must now permit myself to say that she does seem to work a little too hard. She is jolly well going to put it across, and she jolly well does put it across, especially when she gets to Miss Frances Day. Her range is remarkable. She never misfires. Her aim is unerring and deadly. But I have seen triggers pulled with greater ease.

TO say that this is a George Black show is to say that it will be a success, for Mr. Black has a recipe that never fails. This includes whirling dancers, eye-filling decor, and a chorus almost too good to be true. Blondes, be it noted, are now in a heavy minority. An unusually high proportion of the girls look quite reasonably like human beings.

An excellent novelty is provided by Mr. Jack Stanford, who demonstrates the origins of the waltz, the tango and other popular dances.

Sketches by
Anna Zinkeisen



In "*Applesauce*": Florence Desmond in the Oxford Circus Folies Bergère, Jean Carr in "*Snow Time*" and Max Miller in some natty and multi-coloured plus fours



Pamela Brown as Hedda Gabler, in the dress designed for her by Antony Holland

Connoisseurs of the theatre who follow the Sunday essays of Mr. James Agate and Mr. Ivor Brown may have wondered who and what is Miss Pamela Brown, who, in the Oxford Players' recent production of *Hedda Gabler*, won such high praise from these two critics, among others. Pamela Brown is a young R.A.D.A.-trained actress, who has been on the stage some five years. In 1936 she played Juliet and Cressida at Stratford-on-Avon, has toured South Africa with Gyles Isham and Judy Kelly in thrillers—*Dr. Clitterhouse* and *The Frog*—played Hermia in the 1938 summer season in Regent's Park, went to the Oxford Repertory Company, and then did the 1939 season at the Old Vic. Now she is back at Oxford, and there, besides her notable performance as Ibsen's Hedda, has appeared as Lady Teazle, Juliet, and in the lead in *Gaslight*. Now she is rehearsing the name-part in *La Dame aux Camélias*. Antony Holland, who "reconstructed" the period dress Miss Brown wears as Hedda, is responsible for designing and making all the Oxford Players' sets and dresses

Pamela Brown

"A Promising and Possibly, in Ten Years' Time, a Fine Actress"

James Agate

Photographs by Anthony



Twenty-two-year-old Miss Brown as herself

Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

By Bridget Chetwynd

Queen Charlotte's Hospital Ball

THIS is about the only fixture in the debutante stakes that has survived the war: a good thing too, as it helps a very splendid hospital at the same time as it gives Youth a small ration of the fun to which it was accustomed in what have already become "the old days"—the war seems to stretch back, by now, almost as far as the mental eye can see.

This is the ball with the tradition of a huge birthday cake, cut with much ritual, and a parade of debutantes in white. Lady Lisburne, who took a big party, did the actual cutting this year. Another handsome-sized party was the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough's: they have a daughter of this year's vintage.

There was an enormous crowd there, and, cosy in the underground of Grosvenor House, with a good loud band, little was heard of the bombing which was going on pretty freely that night. Douglas Byng, for whose sophistication one used to have to serve an apprenticeship of at least two seasons, sang, and the old and new favourite numbers had their usual jaunty reception.

A Few of the Revellers

AMONG the very many there were the Bankier twins, who have just got their commissions in the Welsh Guards, and their sister, Miss Jean Bankier—when these three got home they found the windows of their house blown in, strewn beds, clattering in baths, etc.; the Misses Barbara and Betty Dunn, who are worth looking at; Messrs. John Reeve, Sandy Neville, David Bland and Christopher Schofield, all junior

members of the Brigade of Guards, the last-named with a sister; and the pretty Misses Pam Newall, Esmée Harmsworth and Lucia Lawson.

Mr. Nigel Henderson-Scott, now in the Scots Guards, is the owner of one of those lovely rarities, a whole hunter watch. You know—the sort that flies open when baby blows. He was there, with his young sister, Miss Cherry Henderson-Scott, and a party.

Lunching

LUNCHING still seems to be the most general social thing going on, and hotels and restaurants are packed, uniforms predominating. The other day Mrs. Pleydell-Bouverie, very smart in her uniform as Vice-President of the British Red Cross, was lunching in a corner of a crowded restaurant with the Duke and Duchess of Kent.

The Duchess looked very lovely, and was wearing a soft midnight-blue dress under her mink coat. Her hat was one of the new pill-boxes, the same colour and material as her dress, and draped with a soft chiffon scarf: the blue looked grand with her creamy skin.

For jewellery, she wore a three-row pearl necklace, pearl ear-rings and a silver charm bracelet.

Sussex Thoughts

GOING to Haywards Heath by train the other day, I was delighted to discover the sort of thing one refers to in a shocked voice as "typical Government waste."

This was a notice pasted on the black-out contraption in a Pullman, and reading:



Bassano

A Daughter for Mrs. Usher

Mrs. Thomas Clemens Usher, who has recently had a daughter, is herself the daughter of Mr. Charles Peat, M.P., of Wycliffe Hall, Barnard Castle, Co. Durham, who is P.P.S. to Mr. Oliver Lyttelton. She and her husband, who were married just over two years ago, have a son, born last year. Mrs. Usher ran a children's convalescent home in Co. Durham before her marriage, is a good horsewoman and a good shot.

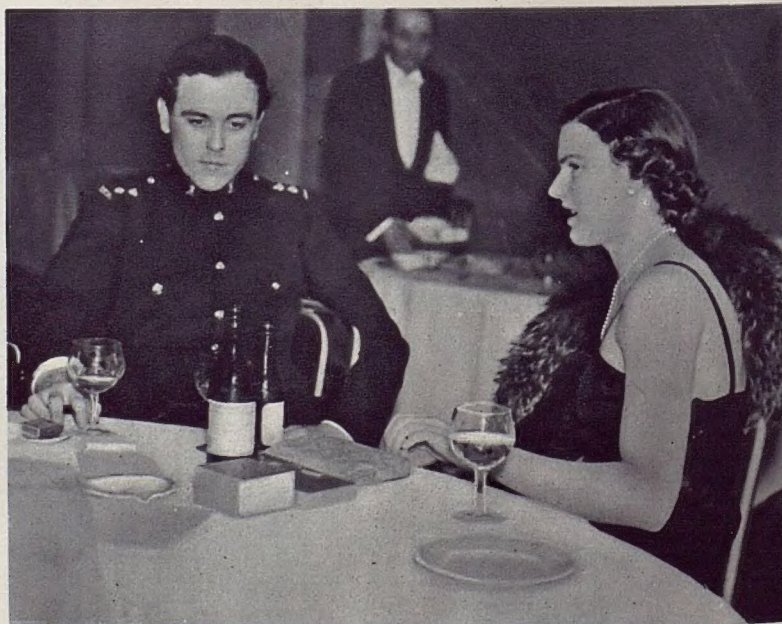
"On no account may this shutter or sliding window be opened during the hours of 'Black-out.'" Underneath, easily readable, was a former notice saying: "On no account may this shutter be opened during the Government's official hours of black-out, viz., sunset to sunrise." Really, one would think they could make up their minds for once, without having to sacrifice thousands of bits of paper for little nuances of inverted commas, a "viz." taken out, and so on.

Haywards Heath suggests the wedding of Lady Iris Mountbatten and Captain O'Malley. She was out having a drink lately,



Engaged

Pilot-Officer Robert Ullman and Miss Peggy Rank announced their engagement at a party for Army and R.A.F. officers given by Mrs. Rowland Rank, at Aldwick Place, her Sussex home. Mr. Ullman is the elder son of Captain Victor Ullman, of the Close, Esher, Surrey. Miss Rank is the elder daughter of the late Rowland Rank and Mrs. Rank. Her sister, Patricia, became engaged in January to Mr. John Scrivener



At Supper

Lieut. Tim Bishop and Miss Veronica Harrison were in a party at the "Debs' Ball" at Grosvenor House. He is the brother of Lady George Scott, and she is the fifth of the eight daughters of Major and the Hon. Mrs. Harrison. One of her sisters, the Countess of Lewes, had her second daughter last month. Mr. Bishop's sister also recently had a daughter, who was christened a fortnight ago



Lenart

A Son for Mrs. Lotinga

Mrs. Jack Lotinga, whose son was born two weeks ago, is the wife of Major Jack Lotinga, M.C., Royal Fusiliers, a keen polo player and cricketer. He was decorated for bravery in the Battle of Flanders. She was Bridget Thomas before her marriage, and is the daughter of Sir Shenton Thomas, Governor and C.-in.-C., Malaya. Her husband was at one time A.D.C. to her father

looking splendid in a hat with a snood, and very attractive plum-coloured clothes trimmed with beaver fur.

Allies at Play

THERE was a party to which people of all the Allies now in London went, and English people too. Lady Willingdon was there, wearing an attractive black clown's hat with a scarlet feather; Colonel Clifton-Browne, Deputy Speaker of the House of Commons; Colonel Wickham, Parliamentary Private Secretary at the War Office; Freda Lady Forbes, Mr. Beverley Baxter and lots of others.

Norwegian, Dutch, Polish and Empire uniforms buzzed about—one not in uniform was Flying Officer Chartres, of Australia, who had just reached London after spending thirty hours at sea in an open boat with thirty-eight others, the ship they were on having been torpedoed. He had lost all his possessions, and was wearing hastily-bought civilian clothes until he could get hold of new uniform.

Madame Soznokowska, wife of the Polish Vice-Premier and President-designate, described some of her adventures escaping from Poland across Europe with her five sons. She is a young-looking, dark woman, and can do most things, including piloting her own aeroplane; was nursing all through the battle of Warsaw. She told the story of a Polish officer over here who got a formal invitation "requesting the pleasure of his company." He accepted, and turned up with his company, of about a hundred!

Tragedy

THE Ballet Group, now finishing its season of lunch-time ballet at the Little Theatre, was to have had a special matinée in aid of the Greek Red Cross, but the tragic deaths of two of the principal dancers in the Café de Paris disaster has cancelled this.

The Café de Paris, of course, matters less than many of the other things that have

been destroyed, though lives are valuable wherever they may be lost, and Mr. Poulsen and his establishments have featured for so long in the social entertainment world that the tragedy has a definite place of its own.

It does seem a pity that crowded places of entertainment should be allowed to function with, apparently, no protection at all above. After the panic-stricken wholesale closing of everything at the beginning of the war, such casualness on the part of the authorities seems to be rather going to an extreme.

Pictures

THERE are some very remarkable pictures on show at the Leicester Galleries, by an artist called Paul Klee. He uses all sorts of new dodges to convey his impressions: for instance, there are three in sort of stone-coloured mosaic effect. One is called "The Incredulous Smile," and sure enough, if you ignore everything that is distracting in the way of little bits of crumbling stone of which the painting—or monochrome—is composed, there certainly is as incredulous a smile as ever the Cheshire cat left disembodied behind itself in *Alice*. "Misunderstood," in the same medium, is any bored husband facing a new blonde across a supper table.

"Bewitched" is a jumble of highly animated, bright-coloured figures, which suggest that they were the originals of the expression, "With a hey nonny nonny and a hot-cha-cha." "The Red House" is red all right, and "The Dwarf" is the absolute

essence of dwarfdom, including, in its parti-coloured face, the circus quality of gaiety. "Self Portrait" is apparently an astronomical chart. "Cathedrals" really does remind one of being inside a cathedral, I can't imagine why. "The Long Nose" is what it says, and "The Comic Old Woman" is pure Edward Lear. "A Desert Village" is hot and arid-looking.

Certainly some very definite impressions are conveyed in a variety of unusual ways: lots of colour, looking, somehow, not particularly like paint, pale squiggles, and occasionally an apparent dryness of brush leaving disconcerting bald patches, but something lively all the same.

The Artist

PAUL KLEE, who died last year, was Swiss, but he lived a great deal in Germany, until, in 1934, his pictures were banned in that hidebound country. He formed a group of painters called "The Blue Four," of which the other three were called Feininger, Jawlensky and Kandinsky. Fancy being the only one with a little small name like Klee. He is said to have been temperamentally like William Blake, and his attitude towards his art is clarified by an entry in his diary as long ago as 1905. He describes how, one day, he tried scratching on a blackened sheet of glass with a needle. "The Medium," he writes, "was no longer the black line, but the white. White energy against a nocturnal background beautifully illustrates the saying, 'Let there be light.'"



Nurse

Lady Honor Vaughan is working at a hospital in Surrey and lives with her sister, Lady Gloria Vaughan, at Chobham. She is the daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lisburne. Her younger sister, Lady Auriel Vaughan, is a debutante this year



Swaebe

In Uniform

Miss Diana Barnato and Lady Moyra Weld-Forester spent their lunch interval together at a West End restaurant. Miss Barnato is one of Captain Woolf Barnato's two daughters, and Lady Moyra Weld-Forester is the Earl of Ossory's daughter and was married last year. Her husband is a subaltern in the Rifle Brigade



TATLER
AND BYSTANDER
MARCH 1, 1941



President of a luncheon in honour of a new series of books, "Britain in Pictures," was Mr. A. P. Herbert, M.P., wearing his R.N.V.R. uniform, and talking here to Sir Ronald Storrs. He made an excellent speech, serious and humorous by turns

Publishers of "Britain in Pictures" are Wm. Collins, Sons and Co., of whom Mr. W. A. R. Collins is a director. He sat next Mrs. A. P. Herbert at the luncheon at the May Fair given to launch the series, the first eight of which come out this week



Dining at Grosvenor House were Com. Sir Reginald Leeds and Lady Dawson, who were in the same party at the Queen Charlotte's Birthday Dinner-Dance (see also pp. 424-5). Sir Reginald Leeds served in the Navy in the last war. Lady Dawson is the widow of a former Chief Justice of Fiji



Lunching at the Piccadilly Hotel were Lord Amulree and Mrs. Norman Ridgley (Ishbel MacDonald that was), the occasion being a farewell luncheon given for her brother, Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, before his departure for Canada as High Commissioner

People Meeting and Eating



Soup made by "Ais" was the occasion of this critical sipping by the Q.M.G., Lieut.-General Sir Walter Venning, and the head of Lyons, Sir Isidore Salmon, who is Hon. Catering Adviser to the Army. They were inspecting the new Army School of Cookery, at which 750 soldiers and members of the A.T.S. are now pupils, learning to cook under front-line conditions as well as in more permanent kitchens



THE TALKER
AND BYSTANDER
MARCH 1943

The art of government as practised by the British is the topic dealt with in the "Britain in Pictures" series by Mr. G. M. Young. This eminent historical writer was neighbour to Lady Tweedsmuir, who has been chosen to write on Canada



The Empire was represented by, among others, Sir Ferozkhan Noon, High Commissioner for India, who is writing on India in this series intended to illustrate the British heritage. Next to him at the "Britain in Pictures" luncheon sat Mrs. W. J. Turner



Home from New Zealand, Lady Galway, wife of the just-retired Governor-General, has already plunged into war work here. Above, she was talking to Mrs. Hammond (left) at the W.V.S. distribution centre in Eaton Square, to which were sent 2,000 cases of clothing and comforts by the Patriotic Guild of New Zealand, of which Lady Galway was founder and president



Music is the subject allocated to Mr. W. J. Turner in the "Britain in Pictures" series. Another writer, Mrs. Elspeth Huxley, sat next to the poet and critic. She is an expert on East Africa, soil erosion and such topics, also writes thrillers

New vice-chairman of the W.V.S., Miss Marjorie Maxse, and Lady Iris Capell are in conference, on the right, with their chairman, Lady Reading. They are two of the three vice-chairmen appointed to replace Mrs. Montagu Norman, who has resigned. Lady Iris Capell takes charge of the information and nursing auxiliaries departments, and Miss Maxse is responsible for evacuation, food and welfare. Lady Reading received the D.B.E. and Miss Maxse the C.B.E. at recent Buckingham Palace investitures. The third vice-chairman is Mrs. Mary Agnes Hamilton



Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

THAT weakened war beer we were recently warned to expect doesn't seem to be upsetting the malt-worms and tosspots much, or maybe it has arrived and they haven't noticed it. They mumbled about it considerably in the last war, but no poet—not even one of the manly post-war Beer-and-Cricket school—had the guts to put their complaints into fiery verse.

The Island Muse is very uppity about our native tipple, for some reason. Barring Mr. Belloc, nobody of importance has sung English beer since about the seventeenth century, unless we're mistaken, nor has its beauty inspired any native painter. Compare, contrariwise, Manet's famous *Bar aux Folies-Bergère*, in which the red triangle on that Bass bottle behind the well-upholstered barmaid is the focal point, so to speak, of the whole brilliant composition. Compare also Verlaine, who made a sonnet about London bars—

*"Où de longues misses plus blanches que l'hermine
Font couler l'ale et le bitter dans l'étain clair."*

That was written chiefly about a pub at King's Cross where Verlaine generally took his beer when he came to London in the 'nineties, and where the barmaids were apparently more lissom and less highly-tinted than we've been led to imagine. Verlaine also wrote a poem about the

murky yellow waters of the Paddington Canal, which in those days were still distinguishable from draught London bitter, it seems.

Enigma

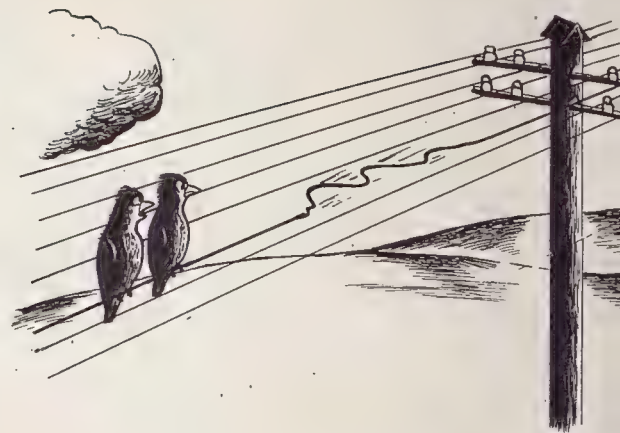
COMMEMORATING the fiftieth anniversary of the death of Sherlock Holmes, who plunged over the Reichenbach Falls in the arms of wicked Professor Moriarty on a March day in 1891, Auntie *Times* took the view that the Holmes who reappeared shortly afterwards and began a whole lot more detective work was an impostor, like the false Dauphin, Louis XVII. Auntie seemed to blame Dr. Watson for a share in this frigid and calculated deception.

Our own theory, developed in a paper read before the Philosophical Society some ten years ago, was that Dr. Watson—a weak character in any case—was drunk. Overcome with joy at sudden release from long years of slavery under the tyrant Holmes, Watson went straight from the Reichenbach—still wearing that damnable bowler hat—to the nearest hotel, where, after dancing a faruca in the vestibule, he ordered a dozen of best whisky and went to bed for a week.

Sequel

HENCEFORTH Watson was constantly drunk. Callers at 221b, Baker Street found him always in bed, wearing his bowler hat over one eye and chanting interminable phrases such as "Holmes in a pig's eye, Holmes up a gum-tree, Holmes five hundred and fifty sweet ha-ha-ha's, elementary-my-dear Watson, okay, big boy, detection my left foot," etc. He was thus in no state to judge whether anybody resembling Holmes was an impostor or not, and, in fact, he soon acquired the delusion that Holmes was under the bed, wearing a Dutch fireman's hat and knitting busily.

This theory—more charitable than Auntie *Times's*—startled the assembled savants to some extent. A venerable Professor of Philosophy fainted, we remember, and there was a terrific rush on the buffet, well-known philosophers fighting like dogs for "doubles" of barley water.



MAURICK McLEISHMAN.

"Funny how we always seem to get a priority line"

Clanjamfry

WITH the sudden fleetness and projectile power and elegant ferocity of a young, high-bred Andalusian fighting bull, fresh from the celebrated *ganaderias* of Don Eduardo Miura, charging straight from the entrance, a dainty A.T.S. sergeant has knocked the honest *Daily Express* public bow-legged with a demand that all girls seen publicly drinking afternoon tea in "civvies" should be given white feathers.

The reaction in World War I., when white feathers were handed by bouncing females to invalidated soldiers, officers on leave, and chaps in mufti on dangerous secret missions, among other slackers, was almost uniformly meek. The reaction to A.T.S. sergeants in 1941 is a hubbub like Goose Fair, and "Indignant Grannie" and "Mother of Two Wrens" and "Ten Brighton Typists" will probably take that rash military sweetheart to pieces before long, we gather. Moreover, "Seven London Civvie Girls" have already cracked back with the claim that they've probably seen more war service to date than the sergeant, what with A.R.P. and other spare-time duty, which is most likely true. The White Feather Brigade, in fact, has taken 18 months to find its target and has fluffed it. You have to be careful in this war.

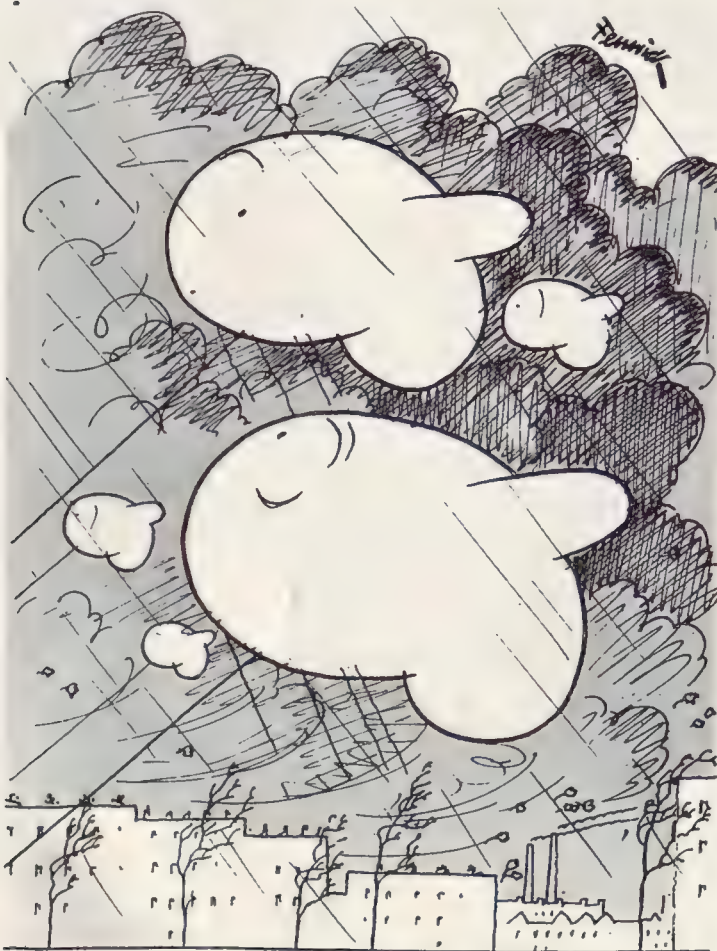
Conscription, of course, got the W.F.B. groggy this time to begin with. A watchful half-crippled ex-warrior of our acquaintance may have shaken them down at Brighton as well. The day after war was declared he took the wind out triumphantly of their sails by briskly distributing white feathers to every healthy female aged from twelve to sixty within reach. That larned them (so he claimed).

Libel

KING ALFONSO's temporary interment in the Spanish church at Rome, side by side with the Spanish Borgia Pope, Alexander VI., led one of the gossip-boys into an oblique crack at the Borgias which seemed to us rather silly.

The fact being that, barring Alexander and Césaire, whom nobody wants to defend, the Borgias as a family were not the wholesale blackguards of legend. Poor Lucrezia, possibly the world's most injured blonde, if you can malign a blonde, has been shown by an unbiased modern historian, Funck-Bretano, to have been rather a nice little thing and the victim of pamphleteers employed by the Borgias' enemies, who were fierce and many; and some time ago a French medical historian was even of opinion that many of Césaire's unluckier guests may quite equally have died of

(Concluded on page 420)



"Know a good cure for wind, dear?"



Countryman's Camera : a Gloucestershire "Threble"

A Study of a Sheep and Her Lambs, by Norman Parkinson

Standing By ...

(Continued)

appendicitis, which was rife at that period. And the pride of the Borgias anyway is Francisco, Duke of Gandia and Grandee of Spain, who doffed his splendour as Viceroy of Catalonia, became a simple Jesuit priest, and was canonised.

NORDIC history boys have copied faithfully from anti-Borgia historians, in our mousy view, because the Borgias had dark, foreign faces, whereas our James I., whose court was notoriously full of poisonings and black magic and all kinds of mysterious foulness, was a nice clean rugged Scot and is rarely attacked at all. This is because the Island Race is terrified of the Scots.

Farewell

CLUBLAND is normally in such a state of glazed apathy that the closing of the badly-blitzed Junior Constitutional threw most clubmen we personally inspected afterwards into a high state of coma.

This type of club can hardly stir the blood of the ardent and pure in any case, since it adds to the usual club aroma of last year's underdone roast-beef and last century's overdone leather settees the distinctive acrid odour of politics.

POLITICAL clubs seem to us quite wrong in principle, anyhow. You join a club to avoid conversation and to sleep in the afternoon, or alternatively to gamble all day and night.

Complete repose can or could be had in clubs differing as widely in nature as the late Cocoa-Tree, with its cosy, serene Augustan atmosphere—what became of that ancient blackened palm-trunk which shot up so nobly in its midst, we never discovered—the Athenæum, which Kipling compared to an Anglican cathedral between services, and even the "Raz," where we recently dozed off sweetly before luncheon, awaiting our host.

Nobody seems incidentally to have thought of one obvious reason for the decline of Clubland even before the war: namely, that chaps may be finding out now what a refuge from club-life even a home is.

Rap

"THERE are too many actions for defamation of character," remarked Lord Justice Scott recently in the Court of Appeal, very soundly.

It's probably the Internal-Combustion Engine, source of so many of our ills, which has made the Island Race so touchy about its character. A couple of generations ago the papers (look 'em up) were full of violent jolly slanging-matches and nobody bothered to run squealing to his lawyer. Freespoken critics like Labouchere and Clement Scott and combative artists like Wilde and Whistler wouldn't stand a dog's chance nowadays (the chief reason Whistler sued Ruskin for calling him a coxcomb was to get a chance of socking his enemies en masse in the public court).

One can't help fearing that the Race, in many ways so tough and valiant, has become rather a big tearful sissy in this one respect, as Lord Justice Scott clearly implied. The result is that we inky boys are too scared of thumping damages to do anything nowadays but smear everybody who comes along with obsequious, glutinous appreciation, which is extremely bad for all concerned.

Antidote

WE used to obtain relief by reading Léon Daudet's daily exposé of the private gambols of Briand et Cie., and his habit of referring constantly to Barthou as "Médor," the name for a noxious little dog, and to Briand as a "souteneur" and a "type équivoque" was highly refreshing. There are libel laws in France, but they don't (or didn't) throw French writers into a hairy terror. Maybe that "droit de réplique," giving the victim the right to hit back at the same length, if he wants to, would soothe the Race's nerves, or maybe a good shaking from Nanny would do even more.

Chum

HAS it yet occurred to you, reading the news day by day, that Libya is the home of the unicorn, among other African marvels, as almost any of the ancient geographers will tell you?

Thinking a note on this graceful, decorative and rather fierce dumb chum and supporter of the Royal Arms might interest you, we've been looking up a few authorities.

The unicorn has several charming traits, and at least one extremely embarrassing one. In the first place, he defies all hunters, and can be prevailed on to issue from his Libyan cave only by a young virgin of certified character, at whose call he will trip forth at once, docile as a woolly lamb, and suffer himself to be led away on a silken girdle with tears in his big lustrous orbs. (He is rather given to tears, like Oliver Cromwell, *né* Williams.)

This initial difficulty—which should make any thoughtful Mayfair dowager pensive—over, the unicorn makes a delightful domestic pet, except that if his master's wife turns out to have broken her marriage-vows the tender animal lays his head in his master's lap at once and weeps great, silent, scalding tears. Hence, we take it, his being practically extinct at this time of day.

We can find no trace of any Mayfair pub ever having been called "The Weeping Unicorn." His horn incidentally makes poison harmless on being dipped into the suspect cup. This doesn't seem to have got the unicorn very far, however.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"I don't like the look of it, it's too easy"

Old Bill Goes East: By Bruce Bairnsfather



"Yus, mate, this is the main road to Muk Muk all right. There is another marked 'ere, but it don't look as good"



House-owner at Delray Beach, 20 miles from Palm Beach, is Mr. Stewart Iglehart, president of Grace Brothers, and father of a polo International. With him are Mme. Elissa Dore, the Finnish actress, and two former polo aces, Mr. Jimmy Cooley, now a sports writer, and Mr. Munro Robinson. The latter is an Old Harrovian, and nephew of the late Colonel "Teddy" Roosevelt.



Windblown on Delray Beach are Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Webster. He is America's foremost cartoonist and creator of the immortal "Mr. Milquetoast." She is a regular Red Cross worker on the Florida war-workers' rota.

Letter From Florida

By Pamela Murray

A bathing-machine was brought all the way from Trouville to adorn the private beach of Mr. Harvey Ladew (left). It is a unique specimen on the Florida coast. Its owner hunted in Leicestershire for some fifteen seasons.

THOSE who knew Palm Beach in the days of the great British invasion may be interested to hear that the little grey homes on Delray Beach, half an hour south of the maddening crowd, are now much in favour. An attractive community has sprung up around Gulf Stream Golf Club, where the fabulous Sunday buffet lunches are exactly what they were before the war. (When Americans say "before the war" they mean before their sons and their chauffeurs were drafted for military service, whereas we mean before Dunkirk.)

The houses at Delray are small—none of your palatial Palm Beach sets—but they do not jostle each other because the entire property belongs to the Phipps family, who insist on no noise, no nuisance. The sea comes up to the back doors. Occasionally it comes into the back doors, because Florida, like the French Riviera, enjoys a variable climate.

There are no points of historic interest in the district other than Briny Breezes Trailer Camp, the biggest congregation of motor gypsies in the U.S.A., and, of course, the bathing machine imported from Trouville by Mr. Harvey S. Ladew, nephew of the late Berry Wall, who ornamented Trouville before Deauville was born. His neighbours are fascinated by it. Many have never seen one. Others, more cultured, at once offer to lend a polo pony to drag it into the sea.

MR. LADEW, who hunted with the Pytchley and in Leicestershire for fifteen seasons, is engaged in writing a book about the many amusing things which have happened to him, and to his friends, in the hunting-field, here and in England. But as he insists on listening to every news bulletin, literary composition has slowed up for the duration.

Another Bohemian figure on the beach is Mr. H. T. Webster, the famous *Herald-Tribune* cartoonist and creator of "Mr. Milquetoast," most henpecked of American husbands. He too is well known in London, where his name and his calling caused confusion with our own Tom Webster.

Mrs. Webster is a very lovely woman, in the literal as well as the American sense. It puzzles your correspondent to hear many a homely soul described as "such a lovely person," which reminds me of an occasion at Deauville when someone—Sir John Latta, I think—quoted, apropos of a singularly plain girl, that beauty is but skin deep, to which Mr. Berry Wall riposted: "Let's skin her!"

NEXT door to the Gulf Stream Club is Mr. Iglehart's house, where 100-year-old paintings of bull-fighting in Madrid give the living-room great distinction. This delightful grand seigneur (who looks like Lord Sackville) has a son who contributed to the success of the American international polo team at Hurlingham and elsewhere.

New arrivals on the ocean front at Palm Beach are the "Laddie" Sanfords, who have lately moved into a palatial new residence there. With them is Mr. Willie de Rhamm, reputed to be the best ballroom dancer in New York.



Hostess at Palm Beach's Everglades Club for a Quiz Programme Evening was Miss Elsa Maxwell. With her here is cabaret singer Dwight Fiske, who took part in the musical quiz



Refugee from Paris is Mme. "Bijie" de Wardener, photographed at Captain "Ali" Mackintosh's Alibi Bar, with Mr. Leicester Spaulding. She used to be Mainbocher's chief vendeuse, is now working in New York at Bergdorf-Goodmans



Glorious flowers luxuriated over the tables at Elsa Maxwell's Quiz Party, and on the corsage of an attractive guest, Mrs. Buron C. Foy, who was Thelma Chrysler, daughter of the late Walter B. Chrysler. Her companion was Mr. Eddie Reeves

His house-party also contributes to the arts, as the charming Finnish actress, Elissa Dore, is learning her part—the lead in a revival of *Tovarich*—on the beach, with Messrs. Jimmy Cooley (erstwhile American polo ace) and Munro Robinson to prompt. The latter is a nephew of Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, and an Old Harrovian whose contemporaries included Lord Gort, Lionel Rothschild and the ebullient Arnold Lunn.

IN the middle of January, Mr. Lunn returned from lecturing the Middle Western Roman Catholic colleges and other organisations to New York, where he lectured the Catholic section of an American women's unit for British War Relief.

Robert Wilberforce, C.B.E., of the British Library of Information, took the chair for "Arni," who was slightly snow-burnt from a ski tour with Hannes Schneider, who has installed a comic little funicular at North Conway, New Hampshire.

When history is written, it will not be forgotten that Lunn, "king" of British ski-ing, was largely instrumental in securing the release of Schneider, "king" of the Arlberg school, who had been deposed by the Nazis and imprisoned for not running his ski-school on the lines of a concentration camp. Personally, we found Hannes' discipline sufficiently iron.

ANOTHER remarkable worker for England is Lady Abingdon, as I told you before. You will be sorry to hear how ill she has been—an illness brought on by overwork. Her convalescence at Palm Beach meant more work, as she reviewed the various British War Relief units and outlined new ways of making money.

A very successful exhibition is in progress there for B.W.R. of Chinese jades. H.R.H. the Duke of Kent's letter, expressing appreciation of a letter from Mr. Nott appraising him of the exhibition, has caused great satisfaction. Mr. Nott is forwarding the proceeds to Queen Mary to allocate.

It might be tedious to enumerate the benefits, bridge teas, exhibitions, dances and what-have-you's in progress at Palm Beach for B.W.R., although this is far below a bumper season. All are worried about the inevitable taxation ahead, and many whose sons volunteered preferred to spend the last weeks with them in the North.

News from England came to the beauteous Mrs. John Moffat and her husband, who read aloud an instructive letter from Mr. Monty Parker, of St. James's and other points West.

You can have no idea how much such communications are appreciated, or you would all write more frequently to friends and acquaintances on this side. Believe me, letters are the best propaganda, so go to it. Mrs. Arthur Glasgow was reading out a cable from Sir Digby Lawson, thanking her for a night he had spent in the shelter at Moncorvo House—"The nicest bread-and-butter letter I ever had."

Others from London are Lady Mullens, Lady Patricia Latham, the Worswicks (whose house in Carlton House Terrace is no more), Mrs. Percy Lawson-Johnston (whose parents have a house here), and Miss Christobel More-Molyneux, who has not actually arrived, but is en route from New York, where she made many friends, according to New York's best ball-room dancer, Mr. Willie de Rhamm, who represents Chrysler cars here and stays with the Chrysler family.

Talking of cars, a friend of mine motored down and stopped en route at York, a little place in Pennsylvania. Rushing to buy a paper, he took it to the dining-room, and sat sighing over the headlines: "London bombed; Southampton bombed," etc. Getting into conversation with the waitress, he propounded: "This country doesn't realise it may become a battlefield before very long." The girl said, "Oh, no; there's no battlefield around here except Gettysburg."

Arts patroness is Mrs. Benjamin Rogers, mother of the beautiful "oil heiress," Mrs. Millicent Salm Ramon Balcon. She was at Elsa Maxwell's party which made money for British War Relief



English guest at the Quiz Party was Lady Mullens, widow of Sir John Mullens, and mother of Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gower, who is also in America. With her is Mr. Jules Bache, who was celebrating the birth of his great-grandson, the Pershing baby, grandson of the famous American General



Host at the Alibi Bar at Palm Beach is Captain "Ali" Mackintosh. With him is Mrs. Nicky Embiricos, who is the wife of the wealthy Greek shipowner. Note the Greek-soldier badges on her pockets



The Hon. Rosemary Scott-Ellis and Archduke Robert of Austria



Miss Mary Churchill, the Premier's daughter, and a friend



Miss Angela Lloyd



Miss Loveday Bolitho, Miss Patricia Dawson, Miss Arice Dawson, and the Hon. Anne Russell



Miss Anne Rea and Miss Ann Upton



Sec.-Lieut. Walter Scott and Miss Penelope Henderson

This was the coming-out ball for most of the 1941 debutantes



While the worst blitz since December raged over London (on Saturday, March 8th) nearly a thousand guests were dancing in the great ballroom at Grosvenor House in aid of Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital. This was at the "Debs' Ball," the only big function for all the eighteen-year-olds who would normally come out this season. Queen Charlotte's Birthday Dinner-Dance is an annual function organised by Mr. Seymour Leslie, at which a huge birthday cake—this year with 197 candles—is cut with great ceremony, with white-dressed debutantes in attendance as Maids of Honour

Right: Miss Anne Buxton and Cadet Rating G. R. Smith





Thomas and Viscount Ednam

Debutantes Dancing

At Queen Charlotte's
Birthday Dinner-
Dance at Grosvenor
House



Lady Caroline Spencer-Churchill and Miss Diana Gilmour



The Hon. Anne Curzon and Miss June Kurven



Miss Diana Portman and
Viscount Francis Wigram



Miss J. Colles and Miss Joy Holdsworth-Hunt



Miss Penelope Steele, Miss Elizabeth Melville, Miss Leonora Rochford



With Silent Friends

By Richard King

Family Feud

ONE of the most curious, and perhaps one of the saddest, things in life is the way time divides families, scattering them in all directions as if they had never lived once upon a time all together, as closely interwoven as a piece of cloth. The Old Home is broken up, sooner or later, as if a bomb had fallen near by, hurling the inmates in all directions. Nobody believes it, of course, at the moment of the symbolical explosion, but the fact remains—where there is no meeting-place there can never be a meeting.

Time, the inevitable scatterer, being what it is, I always have small patience with the family feud which takes time by the forelock and anticipates by years the almost inevitable farewell. Usually it is over the disapproval of a marriage, or it may be a disputed will, or even merely personal conduct. But it is nearly always conducted as if the disputants were to live for ever and life were long enough to conduct a war all the way through it.

The disapproval of a marriage is usually the silliest reason, since a marriage being more or less final, it is a waste of time to do other than accept the inevitable. This kind of feud usually occurs in those unfortunate families where the parents refuse to realise that their children, after a certain age, have a definite personality of their own, with their own longings and ambitions, their own determination to be free to live their own lives, whatever may be the result. The person who seeks to guide and mould the life of another all the time carves a dangerous rod for his own back. In

personal relationships one has perforce to accept the disagreeable with the agreeable and link them both together, if possible, by love.

But perhaps the most prolonged and dangerous family feud concerns money, and from this there seldom seems any escape except by death. It is easier to circumvent hatred than envy and jealousy. Whoever designed the reading of a will to take place immediately after the funeral must have known only too well the best method by which to dissipate gloom and substitute an entirely new atmosphere.

Sometimes, however, I think that members of a family really enjoy a good feud: It certainly keeps them together even though the association is as vindictive as revenge. And a good family feud is the theme of Miss Phyllis Bentley's new novel, "Manhold" (Gollancz; 9s. 6d.). Not one single member of the Horsfall clan but is at loggerheads with another member and sometimes with all.

Yorkshire Background

MANHOLD is actually a house; a lovely building erected by old Sam Horsfall out of ostentation and as a gesture to the world of the large fortune he had made in the early days of the rise in the woollen industry at the latter end of the eighteenth century. His son Richard would, he hoped, inherit the house, the fortune and increase the business. But all that would come later, as Richard was still scarcely more than a boy.

However, not all the Horsfall family had risen in the world with Sam. His sister, Sarah, had married Ned, a weaver, in

Sam's employ; an expert weaver, but still just a workman. They had three children; though only Ann and Lear really matter so far as the story is concerned. It was after Sam had sent his brother-in-law to Norwich to learn the art of making shalloons and so wrest for Yorkshire the trade which was making Norfolk famous that the real trouble began, because Ned had been given the verbal promise of partnership if he returned with an expert knowledge of the new trade. Ned returned; was refused partnership, and as he left Manhold with his daughter Ann, wild with anger, he fell into the mill-stream and was drowned. Ann's cries for help fell on Sam's deaf ears. She never believed her uncle when he professed his innocence. For the rest of her life therefore she vowed revenge, and the story is the tale of this vengeance, and how it ruined lives other than her own, and eventually came to naught, since by a series of unforeseen circumstances, the Horsfall fortune came at length to the almost half-witted Lear.

Well, maybe, revenge is always melodramatic, and so seems somewhat unreal; therefore I must confess that neither Ann nor her vengeance struck me as being other than stagy; or should I, nowadays, say filmy? One was interested, but never in the least bit fearful.

Ann's Vengeance

PERHAPS, Ann's methods were a little too obvious. Her first victim was, of course, the unfortunate Richard. He was as kindly as his father was hard, but he was weak, and gullible as all weak men are. Ann became companion to his mother, and immediately set about making Richard fall in love with her. In this, however, she was frustrated, because Sam, the boy's father, practically forced him to marry Betty, the daughter of a near-county family, with whom Richard was already half in love. Ann, however, bided her time. Before Betty died in childbirth, she was already half-way to becoming Richard's mistress.

(Concluded on page 428).



Opening the American British Art Centre in New York

Charlie Chaplin and Katharine Cornell were two celebrities at the private view of the first exhibition of New York's American British Art Centre. Mr. Chaplin, speaker and guest of honour at the opening, wrote a letter to Sir Kenneth Clark, of the National Gallery, which was signed by scores of art lovers and was to enclose a cheque to be used for the benefit of British artists. Seventy-four pictures by American, Canadian and British artists were on view, British contributors including Walter R. Sickert, who was the painter "featured" in the show; Augustus John, Stanley Spencer, Duncan Grant, Mathew Smith

Mrs. Ala Story is the director of the A.B.A.C., which is being run on the lines of the British Art Centre, of which she was founder and managing director. The British Art Centre was opened in October 1939, but its activities were suspended last summer and the gallery and clubroom taken over as a recreation centre for the Free French Forces. The primary object of the A.B.A.C. is the same as that of its London forerunner—to keep alive British art and artists through the present hard times. Mrs. Story herself has had twelve years of art-gallery experience in London



"LA TRAVIATA"

The two Violettas of the Sadler's Wells Opera Company are Janet Hamilton-Smith and Joan Cross, who take the role alternately. Edith Coates sings Flora, Tudor Davies is Alfred, and Tom Williams is Germont. Like the other operas in the company's wartime repertoire, "La Traviata" is given with a smaller cast, a smaller orchestra, under Laurance Collingwood, and the minimum of scenery

Photographs by
Tunbridge-Sedgwick



"FIGARO"

Susanna is Joan Collier (also sometimes Janet Hamilton-Smith), Cherubino is Rose Morris, and the Countess is Joan Cross. Tyrone Guthrie is responsible for the new, small-scale production of "The Marriage of Figaro," which has John Hargreaves as Figaro, Sumner Austin as the Count. The dresses are those which were designed by Rex Whistler for Sadler's Wells

Opera on Tour

Scenes from the Sadler's Wells Repertoire

The first London opera season since the blitz began was given for a too-brief fortnight at the New Theatre by the Sadler's Wells Company. Now they are on tour again, spending three weeks in Glasgow, one in Edinburgh, and then coming south to places like Bath, Exeter, Torquay. Besides the three operas shown here, *Die Fledermaus* and *Madame Butterfly* are in the repertoire. The company is, above all, fortunate in possessing Miss Joan Cross, who, as Mr. Farjeon wrote two weeks ago, is "one of the few really first-class artists not merely in opera but in the theatre to-day"



New to the singers of Sadler's Wells is "The Beggar's Opera," which the Russian-trained Herbert Marshall has produced with great success. Our own critic, Mr. Herbert Farjeon, considered this "emphatically and immeasurably" the best of the three revivals since the last war. Above are Sumner Austin as Mr. Peachum, Violetta Jacopi as Diana Trapes, and Ronald Steer as Mr. Lockit. In a role which is very different from her usual prima donna ones, Joan Cross as Mrs. Peachum gives a superbly characterised performance

"THE BEGGAR'S OPERA"



Polly and Lucy are Janet Hamilton-Smith and Edith Coates, quarrelling here over the imprisoned Macheath, who is played by John Hargreaves

With Silent Friends

(Continued)

But when Richard was free to marry her, Sam refused his consent, declaring that should Richard make Ann his wife, he would disinherit him and turn him out of the family business. Which he did. And Richard, starting on his own, soon became bankrupt to the figure of £40,000. In those days debt was a matter of gaol, and so Richard and Ann fled to Holland. On their return to England the law took the matter in hand; though it was not until Sam died in the middle of the case that the real difficulties began. For his will showed that he had bequeathed to his son a mere fifty pounds a year if he married Ann; his fortune going to Betty, Richard's daughter by his first wife.

The further terms of the will were complicated, but eventually it turns upon the problem of whether or no Richard and Ann had been truly married in Holland. Ann had committed suicide; Richard was dead; Betty had died soon after her twenty-first birthday, and the next-of-kin therefore were Sarah, Sam's slatternly sister, and her daughter, Lear; who could neither read nor write. So Ann's vengeance came to naught, and Sam's vindictiveness defeated its own ends. Consequently, truly it should be written above the doorway of Manhold the quotation from Proverbs: "Envy thou not the oppressor, and choose none of his ways!"

It is an interesting story, well written; though Ann struck me as a stagy character, and whenever she spoke, one seemed to see a lime-lit stage and a figure rather than a real person. The other people seemed far more actual, and the background of Yorkshire and the woollen trade towards the end of the eighteenth century is vividly portrayed. Actually "Manhold" is one of a series of novels which Miss Bentley has written round the West Riding; but it can be read and enjoyed by itself without reference to others in the series.

Not on These Shores

SOME things do not travel well, and so it seemed to me, Mr. R. B. Saxe, by attempting to transplant the American gangster type of story to these shores in his new novel, *The Ghost Knows His Greengages* (Constable; 7s. 6d.), does not quite bring it off. One refuses to believe, for instance, in a luxury flat in Kensington Gore replete with Tommy-guns and every conceivable instrument of pursuit and defence employed by American thugs. One feels all the time that it simply could not occur. The London police would scatter it in no time. Nor would London tolerate for an instant the kind of wild, criminal methods which have made Chicago notorious. We have our own underworld, of course, but its ways are very decidedly different. And it seemed to me that Mr. Saxe has not attempted to recognise that difference.

Consequently, "The Ghost"—who is a kind of "Spider" in the well-known American horror series of gangster tales—and his inevitable companion, this time a Canadian who knows all the answers, when they roar about the country in a super-high-powered car, fail to create the necessary terror. One feels that a

village policeman would be able to deal successfully with anything so highly suspicious. Personally, it has always been a surprise to me that, judging from gangster films and gangster stories, both the hero and the villain always seem able to rush through the day and night at topmost speed without anybody apparently wondering what it is all about.



Mrs. Olga Noble-Matthews

A Grand Variety Concert will be held at the Cambridge Theatre on March 30th, in aid of the Duchess of Northumberland's Comforts Fund for the A.T.S., organised and presented by Mrs. Olga Noble-Matthews. She is the widow of Mr. Henry Noble-Matthews, of Lloyd's; speaks four languages and worked for some time as a voluntary interpreter at a refugees' clearing station. Her son Peter is at Ampleforth College, and her daughter Priscilla staying with an aunt in America for the duration.



The Rev. Eric Loveday

The new Vicar of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, the Rev. Eric Loveday, is a thirty-six-year-old Welshman and late Rector of St. Peter's, Bristol. He preached his first sermon, since his appointment in succession to the late Rev. Pat McCormick, on Sunday, March 2nd. The Bishop of London officiated at the induction and institution ceremony.

In fact, the only silent weapon employed by the Ghost in his fight against a share-pushing gang, and in order to restore to Mr. and Mrs. Waters, of Dulwich, their pilfered life-savings, is a soundless weapon, a rod, which can destroy its enemies by the hundred and only the victims' bodies are left to tell the tale. Nevertheless, if you can swallow the author's premises, here at any rate is a gangster story which moves like an express train and is related, so to speak, on top gear from start to finish.

Nearly a Great Story

IF only Miss Kylie Tennant's remarkable novel, *The Battlers* (Gollancz; 9s. 6d.), had other than merely sociological significance it would have been a great and highly important story. As it is, it is one of the most interesting I have read for a long time. But, though it points out a queer side of life, it points nowhere beyond that curious phenomenon. It is scarcely a story, though it grips one's imagination by its authenticity and its vivid portraiture.

Briefly, it is an extraordinary picture of the various types of unemployed who, year in year out, are "on the track" in New South Wales, men and women whose nature, perhaps, has forced them to cut themselves from all moorings and who drift from one small job to another, aimlessly, without inspiration, but unable to settle even when permanence is offered. Some wander as solitary individuals; others join groups; pausing merely in cities to have their dole cards stamped at the police station. It is a grim picture of unemployment in the Australian Middle West, but, although distressing, it is not really gloomy. One feels all the time that these men and women are fulfilling something psychological, and so could scarcely be made to fit in anywhere for very long.

Miss Tennant's characterisation is remarkable. Her story is really a series of life-stories, but the individuals who come and go are extraordinarily real and each one is different. The central figure is Theodore Grimshaw, known as Snow, a man between thirty and forty who takes everything and everybody as he finds them and reacts personally to neither. For some time he has been out of work and he has left his wife and children to seek whatever temporary job offered itself as he went along from place to place. With him join up a bedraggled young woman, known as Dancy Smith, who is a "clinger," and the fat, super-ladylike and sly Miss Phipps; together with Duke, a seedy youth with a battered guitar who "buskers" his way from place to place.

Their adventures are, of course, all mingled with other characters, other groups of vagrants, the whole forming a kind of human pattern—remarkably well drawn and illuminated by an exceptional knowledge of human nature in the raw, described with humorous, yet tender, touches which sometimes, in fact, descend to farce, or at least comedy. Indeed, it is a memorable portrait gallery which Miss Tennant gives us. Quickly you get absorbed in this strange world wherein men and women live and love, laugh and cry; wandering here and there like gypsies without the gypsy clannishness. To miss reading the book would be to miss a most unusual experience.



Mary Alice Collins Stands Beneath Her Portrait



Mrs. Sebastian de Mier
Shares a Chair with
Miss Collins

At Home

American Actress in London:

Young Marrieds in Surrey

Mary Alice Collins, an American actress who studied at the Theatre Guild of New York, was first seen in England as Sylvia, most feline of all the Society cats in Clare Boothe's *The Women*. She is now living over here, and is broadcasting on Tuesdays in *Mint Julep*, a nineteenth-century plantation story by James Dyrenforth. She has a little house off Knightsbridge, where she recently held a house-warming cocktail-party. Mrs. Sebastian de Mier, the American wife of a Mexican officer in the R.A.F., was one of her guests

The Hon. Mrs. Patrick de Laszlo



These pictures of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Patrick de Laszlo, who were married a few months ago, were taken at their new home, the Old Rectory, Little Bookham, Surrey. They are busy settling in, and are chicken-farming on a small scale, having started with 24 White Wyandotte hens. Before her marriage to the fourth son of the famous portrait-painter, Mrs. de Laszlo was the Hon. Deborah Greenwood, second daughter of Viscount Greenwood of Holbourne and Viscountess Greenwood, D.B.E. She was an Assistant Section Officer in the W.A.A.F. One of her brothers-in-law, F/O John de Laszlo, is in the R.A.F.V.R., another, Paul, is in the Navy



Mr. and Mrs. de Laszlo

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Lightning Promotion

ALTHOUGH it has been said that every soldier carries a Field-Marshal's baton in his knapsack, it is doubtful whether there are many instances of promotion from private to C.O. inside of twenty-four hours. Here is one actual happening, and the subject of it is Lieut.-Gen. Sir R. N. O'Connor, who was in a front seat in the stalls in all these recent operations in Libya.

It happened this way. When our 7th Division was sent to the Piave in the last war to pull the Italians out of their troubles, it fell out that one of the H.A.C. battalions was in the van of the operation. The command became vacant, and as the powers that be did not consider that any officer in the unit was sufficiently experienced to fill the bill, they had to look round for an outsider. The then Lieut.-Col. O'Connor, who was a Cameronian, was considered to be the most suitable officer. There is an ancient H.A.C. tradition, however, which ordains that no one but an H.A.C. can command an H.A.C. unit. The way they got round it was to enlist O'Connor as a private one day, and promote him to the battalion command the next.

A Mariner on Wellington's Horsemanship

AN old and valued playmate, "The Mariner" (Captain Walter Koe, R.N.), from whom it is always interesting to hear, writes to me apropos a note in these pages which was headed "The Seats of the Mighty," and says that he wonders whether Wellington was a really fine horseman or not. I am afraid that there is no means by which we can get any first-hand evidence.

"The Mariner" says that it is conceded that the Duke had a good seat and hands, but that some commentators have described his seat as "clumsy." If that is correct,

then the possibility of his having had good hands is remote.

Probably we have all seen the man with "a strong vulgar sate," who has the fine hands which might be expected to go with



Pooler, Dublin

Irish Race-Goers

Watching the Red Cross 'Chase at Leopardstown on March 8, won by Miss M. O. Mathieson's St. Martin, were Sir Ernest Davis-Goff, Bt., a well-known Irish gentleman jockey, and his bride. Before her marriage last month Lady Goff was Miss Alice Cynthia Woodhouse, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Woodhouse and granddaughter of Lady Anderson, of Ballydavid, Co. Waterford



Pooler, Dublin

Jockey's Wife and Sisters

Miss Maura Magee, Mrs. Sean Magee and Miss B. Magee are the sisters and wife of the Irish jockey who has been riding so successfully in England. Sean Magee was at a London restaurant when it was bombed recently, and helped to extricate his friends from the debris. He won the Ovingdean Selling Handicap Hurdle Race on Miss Dorothy Paget's Wyn at Plumpton, and was second on Dominick's Cross at Nottingham

it, but I have never come across a man with a "clumsy" seat—that is, the man who sits in his saddle "like a bag of stones tied ugly"—who had any hands at all. Have you ever met anyone with a clumsy mind who could even spell the word "tact." "Hands" and "tact" are synonymous terms. Similarly, no one who prefers dancing on other people's feet to dancing on his own, would ever have either good hands on a horse or tact in his intercourse with his fellow-men. The Duke of Wellington, like Lord Roberts and our present C.-in-C. Home Forces, was an Irishman, and went well to hounds—that being on record. One of the reasons which may have attracted him to the Pau country was because it was not unlike parts of his motherland—mainly banks and ditches. "The Mariner" says that he will concede that Wellington was probably a good horse-master, but he does not seem to be inclined to accept the other thing.

Quite often the two things go together. Personally, I think such evidence as we have suggests that the Duke was in the Upper School where equitation is concerned.

Stuart



Officers of a Royal Naval Air Station Somewhere in England

Back: Lt. (A.) D. A. Horton, R.N.V.R., Lt. (A.) W. G. Robson, R.N.V.R., Sub-Lt. (A.) M. S. Godson, R.N., Wt. Obs. S. T. Jackson, Sub-Lt. (A.) M. G. Kent, R.N.V.R., Sub-Lt. (A.) G. S. Wellby, R.N.V.R., Sub-Lt. (A.) H. R. Law, R.N.V.R., Cd. Aircraft Off. E. D. Crabb, Wt. Air Mech. F. H. Booth, Schoolmaster S. J. Rendle, Tel. Lt. G. H. Carkeet, Lt. G. C. Durbin, R.M.

Centre: Lt. (A.) C. K. Carter, R.N.V.R., Lt. K. Richmond, R.A., Sub-Lt. (A.) C. G. S. Hodgkinson, R.N.V.R., Lt. P. Bevan, R.N.V.R., Lt. (A.) K. Barston-Jones, R.N.V.R., Lt. H. E. R. Torin, R.N., Wt. Sy. Off. A. R. A. Green, Lt.-Com. (E.) W. B. Axford, R.N., Lt. (A.) J. N. Gladish, R.N.V.R., R. M. Gunner R. G. Reed, Sub-Lt. (A.) J. S. Bailey, R.N., Surg.-Lt. E. B. Martin, R.N., Lt. (A.) A. I. Campbell-Robertson, R.N.V.R.

Front: Lt. (E.) E. Foster, R.N., Major F. O. Voisin, East Surreys, Rev. J. C. Taylor, R.N., Lt.-Com. P. J. Mortimer, R.N., Com. (A.) J. F. M. Robertson, Capt. M. Farquhar, R.N., the C.O., Lt.-Com. A. N. Waring, R.N., Surg.-Lt.-Com. W. H. Roberts, R.N.V.R., Lt.-Com. M. Bruce, R.N., Lt. J. C. N. Shrubsole, R.N., Pay-Lt. H. J. Hilton Childs, R.N.V.R., Pay-Lt. R. W. Kego, R.N., Sub-Lt. (A.) J. H. Leach, R.N.V.R.

Cheltenham's Prospects

EVERYONE lucky enough to be able to get to Cheltenham to-day (19th) and to-morrow is going to see some really good jump racing, unless, of course, the heavens fall, or



Poole, Dublin

Singer's Son Engaged

Sec.-Lieut. Cyril McCormack, Eire Army, a keen racing motorist and engineer, attended the races with his fiancée, Miss Patricia Eccles. She is the only daughter of the late Captain W. E. L. Eccles, former Joint-Master of the Meath Hounds, and Mrs. Eccles, of Dunderry Park, Navan. Mr. McCormack is the only son of Count John McCormack, the famous tenor, and of Countess McCormack, of Wood End, South Ascot

anything equally untoward should happen. The fields for both the big 'chases are first-class, and with so much talent on view no one could envy the job of the prophet. There will be some who will advise us to go for a double on Miss Dorothy Paget's two good steeds, Kilstar for the N.H. Handicap 'Chase (to-day) and Roman Hackle for the Gold Cup (to-morrow). There is, of course, nothing like backing a stable that is in great form.

Personally, I should not feel inclined to have a wager on that double, but I am still tied to my original "fox" for the Gold Cup, Roman Hackle, even against a much more formidable opposition than he had to beat last year. He obviously needed that race in the Cleeve Optional seller at Cheltenham as a sharpener. This opinion is franked by his win at Plumpton on the 8th. A horse that is ready too soon is as bad as one that is only half-ready. I think that we can rely upon Owen Anthony to have timed things to the tick. Red Rower finished in front of Roman Hackle in that selling 'chase at Cheltenham at level weights, 12 st., but the distance was different to the one which is before them to-morrow.

It is bound to be a grand battle, and I think that Lord Bicester's Asterabad (a recent winner at Nottingham) and Major Montagu's Savon, a very stylish winner over the same trip as he has to undertake to-day, same course, same weight, will be very much in the picture.

The Big Handicap 'Chase

As to this event, I think that the top-weight, Golden Luck, has all the weight he wants, 12 st. 7 lb., but when a horse is in such great heart, as he is, he might laugh at anything. For myself, I have a "strong wakeness" for the winner of the 1938 Molyneux 'Chase (Aintree), The Uplifter, at 11 st. 9 lb., for he put up a very attractive recent performance against

Savon (gave 11 lb.) in the Tewkesbury 'Chase (3 miles, Cheltenham), with Symæthis (gave 2 lb.) five lengths behind him, and this form seems worth considering; but do not let a purely personal opinion influence you if you should happen to want to back the winner of the last Grand National, Lord Stalbridge's Bogskar, who has 11 st. 7 lb. instead of the 10 st. 4 lb. he had at Aintree last April. He may not find three miles far enough for him, or the fences big enough. They say he is jumping everything almost as big as an entire usually jumps the Aintree obstacles.

Four Legs v. Four Wheels

THE wheels have been having the better of it recently in Libya and elsewhere, but this is not always so. For instance, the Duchess of Norfolk's Ticca Ghari has been winning recently at Plumpton.

The four-wheeled thing, after which he is named, would not win anywhere. It is the hired carriage of Hindustan, and the worst kind of flea-box ever contrived, almost worse than another wheeled contraption called an ekka, which, from my own experience, is far more difficult to sit in than an outside car, some of which species, I understand, are still extant in Ireland, the land of their birth.

I should think that the man who invented the ekka can never have meant anyone excepting the driver, who has some kind of a perch, to manage to remain at all. It is just a flat board on two wheels, and usually has no springs. People who have been decanted out pig-sticking have sometimes been compelled to trek back to their base, or to the elephant carrying the drinks, in one of these things, but I cannot conceive of anyone using them for pleasure.



'Chasing Notes from Taunton and Cheltenham, by "The Tout"

Mr. R. C. Pearson, patron of C. Piggott's successful Cheltenham jumping stable, picked up a "selling hurdle" the other day at Taunton with Matador. Birthlaw also belongs to him. Mr. David Sherbrook owns and rides a topnotch chaser in Poet Prince (trainer, Ivor Anthony). Colonel G. Foljambe, D.S.O., trains a few of his own in the Midlands, and believes in quality more than quantity. Hobgoblin and Empire Breeze pay tribute to their owner-trainer's skill and judgment. Sir A. Gordon-Smith trains with Jack Jarvis, and likes a day's racing now and then as a relief from big business. He is also keen on coursing, and has more than once won the Waterloo Cup. Reg Hobbs' stable at Lambourn has been right on top of its form this season in spite of war difficulties. His son Bruce, who rode Battleship to victory in the 1938 National, is now serving abroad. From W. R. Bissill's establishment at Aslockton, Notts., hails one of the best three-mile 'chasers, Rightin. Gerry Wilson, champion jockey for several seasons, seems to be riding with more dash than ever, and his services are in much demand

Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

Fly Papers

PUBLISHERS, that wayward yet dignified race, are falling over their gold watch chains and getting their feet entangled in their illuminated contract forms in a vigorous (yet dignified) scramble to issue books about the air war. Best-sellers, they think, are now made in heaven.

So the Air Ministry is besieged on all sides for information and assistance and has practically had to give up running the air war in order to attend to the needs of the air-war commentators; the publicists, the well-known novelists, the famous essayists, the noted journalists, and just the plain hack scribblers like myself.

Nothing—the publishers seem to say—nothing is worth publishing unless it has Air Ministry support. Anything—they assert—anything is worth publishing with that support. For with Air Ministry support, paper is conjured from the vast inane, facts and figures come pouring in, official files are flung open, senior officers become accessible. Then the air world is an oyster which publishers prise open with the sharp end of the Director of Public Relations.

Independent Comment

THAT, at any rate, seems to be the theory. And through the working of such a system the Air Ministry aspires to rule not only the things that fly through the air, but also the thoughts; the wings and the words. It wants to rule the roast and the records.

The position is understandable, yet I would urge upon publishers the advisability of thinking carefully before concentrating solely upon officially supported air books; of looking before they leap up into the air even with "full official support."

There is, in this country, an old-fashioned desire to hear the voice of the independent critic and commentator. Ignore the independent writer and lean always on the official, and the life departs from the work.

There are enlightened publishers who are ready to let their works stand on their merits. There are others who are so timorous that they demand Ministerial crutches for their obscurist offspring. Personally I think the Air Ministry is too prodigal with its assistance to all the publishers who come along and offer to subscribe to some Service charity. It is a point which ought to be taken up in Parliament.

Silent Service

ALTHOUGH the comments were directed against myself, I feel much sympathy with the views expressed by an officer in the Admiralty Press department.

I was making an inquiry about the dimensions of the Fleet Air Arm's Fairey Albacore when the point arose as to what had appeared in the papers. The Admiralty official (and remember he was in the section supposed to deal with the Press) said, "I never read the papers."

It was a statement perfumed with the past; in the category of "Gad, sir, the country's going to the dogs" and other grand-parental phrases.

The Admiralty, it seems therefore (or, at any rate, the section which deals with the newspapers) does not read the newspapers. May we hope that the Air Ministry will cease to write them?

Back to Books

LET me now refer to some of the independent and better books about the air. Some of them have been very good indeed.

First of all there is the flying Penguin *Flight to Victory* by Ronald Walker, which is selling prodigiously. It is a high-speed, fascinating and accurate account of the part the Royal Air Force has been playing. Mr. Walker fills in just those details which the official communiqués leave out but which all flying people want to know.

Then there is Captain Norman Macmillan's book, *Best Flying Stories*, which is a collection of stories by people whose names are well known in aviation, such as Sir Hiram Maxim, Anthony Fokker and even Italo Balbo—who, by the way, will always be remembered by those in British aviation with affection.

At the end there is that amazing piece, "I fought in the sky over Dunquerque." This is by an anonymous Squadron Leader and is a magnificently vivid account.



Dennis Moss

Three Senior Air Officers

Air Vice-Marshal K. R. Park, D.S.O., M.C., received the C.B. in December last. His squadron gave valuable assistance during the evacuation of troops from Dunkirk, breaking up many dive-bombing attacks upon them. He was photographed at a West Country aerodrome with Wing-Commander F. H. D. Henwood, D.F.C., and Group Captain C. Findlay, D.F.C., A.F.C.



Stuart

Tennis Aces in the R.A.F.

Two well-known tennis players serving in the same R.A.F. squadron are Flt.-Lt. C. E. Malfroy and his commanding officer, Squadron Leader E. Holden, D.F.C. The latter won the R.A.F. singles championship when last played in August 1939. Camille Malfroy is the New Zealand Davis Cup player and Cambridge Triple Blue

Spotting

MR. FRANCIS CHICHESTER has published quite a few air books lately, some of them upon navigation. But the one that deserves the widest notice is his *The Spotter's Handbook*. It puts forward a logical and extraordinarily well-thought-out system for spotting aircraft and recognising them.

This subject of spotting has been a source of much dispute. Many different methods have been advocated. But Mr. Chichester's method seems to me the best of the lot. He goes into the whole matter very thoroughly and does arrive at a plan which ought to be workable by anybody.

His book is well illustrated with appropriate line drawings and diagrams. I should like to see it forming the basis of an officially sponsored spotting method.

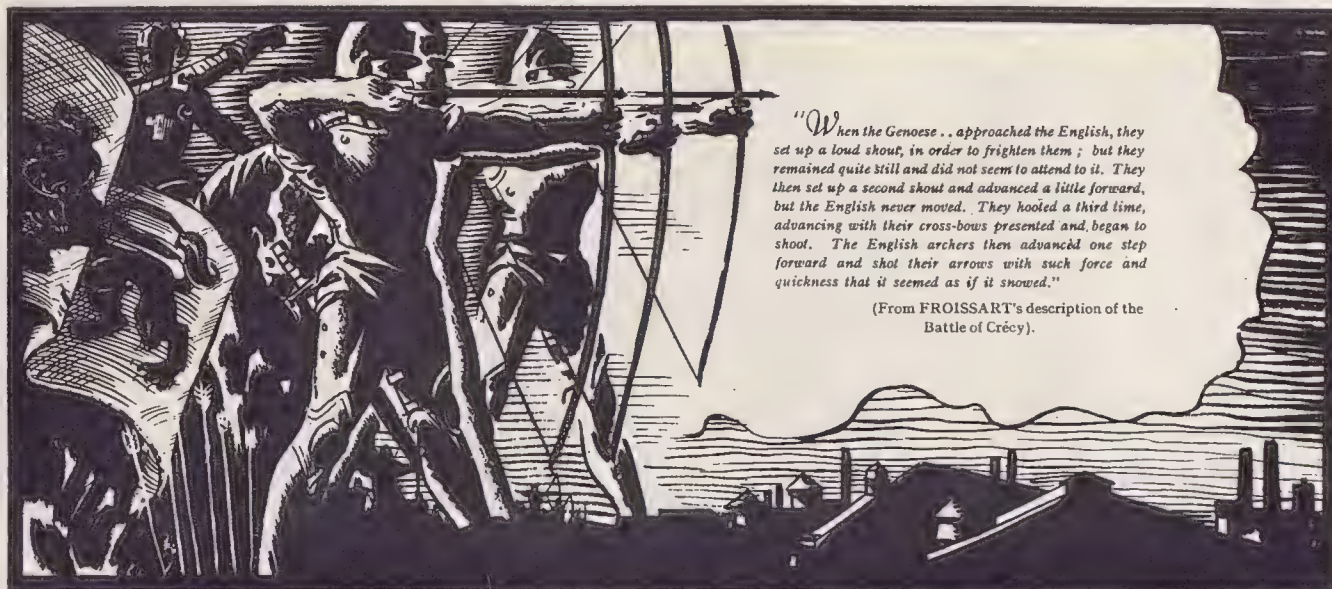
Very Bulgar

AS I write the Germans are wandering all over Bulgaria and threatening everybody within range. Most of the critics seem to think that the next move is to come there. Perhaps this time we may hope that it will not be so easy for the Germans as their earlier moves.

At any rate, we have good, hardy air squadrons down there, and they are not going to sit by idle and let the Germans tramp about just where they want. Maybe that the Germans will find there is some considerable resistance to any move on their part in that region.

But I confess that the Black Sea seems a difficult area for us. The Germans have air bases at Constanza and Varna, or near them, and from these they could make a good effort at controlling shipping on the western side of the Black Sea, and even using this sea for the transport of troops.

I imagine that we shall have to use ship-borne aircraft in this region to counter the German move.



The Courage of Crécy

The Englishman, faced with a serious situation, remains quiet and unflustered. And he is most dangerous when he is quiet. Thousands of men of that calibre are working day and night on war production with an ever-increasing momentum. Many who work at the bench all day are on guard half the night. And, what is more, they make a joke of it.

That spirit permeates the whole of our Organization. For, although what is known as the Nuffield Group of Companies is assuming an increasingly important role in the country's war effort, both the welfare and the research activities of each Company are being

developed and extended. They take this in their stride . . .

No one is greatly the worse for the experiences we are undergoing now. As men we shall come out of it hardened in the fire. As an industrial unit our Group will emerge enriched by technical experience which, translated into motor cars, will herald a new era in British automobilism.

A country or an industrial unit which, while fighting for its life, makes time to foster the humanities of life, is worthy of the confidence the rest of the world places in it. Its credentials of leadership are safe, locked in the hearts of each and every one of its people.

THE NUFFIELD ORGANIZATION

MORRIS MOTORS LTD. • WOLSELEY MOTORS LTD. • THE M.G. CAR CO. LTD. • RILEY (Coventry) LTD. • MORRIS COMMERCIAL CARS LTD. • MORRIS INDUSTRIES EXPORTS LTD. • S.U. CARBURETTOR CO. LTD. • MECHANIZATIONS & AERO LTD.

MORRIS WOLSELEY



Riley

MORRIS-COMMERCIAL

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review
of Weddings and Engagements



Strakosch—Cross

Captain G. H. P. Strakosch, R.A.S.C., only son of the late F. W. Strakosch, and Mrs. Amherst Villiers, of 23, Farm Street, W.1, and Margaret Joan Carlton Cross, only daughter of the late R. K. Cross, and Mrs. Cross, of Poplars, Fleet, Hants., were married at All Saints', Fleet



Tozer—Head

Pilot-Officer C. J. Tozer, R.A.F.V.R., and Mrs. Rosina Agneta Head, only child of the late Col. Forte, and Mrs. Croft, of the Barn, Maidenhead, Berks., were married at Marylebone register office recently. He is the only child of the late Howard Tozer, and the late Mrs. Tozer, of Leybrook Lodge, Ringwood, Hants.



Packe—Wardrop

Anthony H. Packe, R.A., only son of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Packe, of Mary's Acre, Broad Campden, Glos., and Felicité Mary Wardrop, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Wardrop, of Burnham Grove, Burnham, Bucks., were married at St. Peter's, Burnham



Llewellyn—Dimond

Lieut. John William Peters Llewellyn, South Lancashire Regiment, and Patricia Dimond, elder daughter of Mrs. D. Dimond, of Camden Cottage, East Grinstead, Sussex, were married at St. Saviour's, Walton Street. He is the son of the late W. A. P. Llewellyn, and Mrs. A. E. Llewellyn



Lenare

Mrs. Humphrey Madden

Jane de Vere Delmar-Morgan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Delmar-Morgan, of 15, Tile Street, S.W.3, was married last week at Chelsea Old Church to Lieut.-Com. Humphrey Page Madden, R.N., son of the late A. M. Madden, and Mrs. Madden, of 107, North Side, S.W.4



Macdonald—Hoare

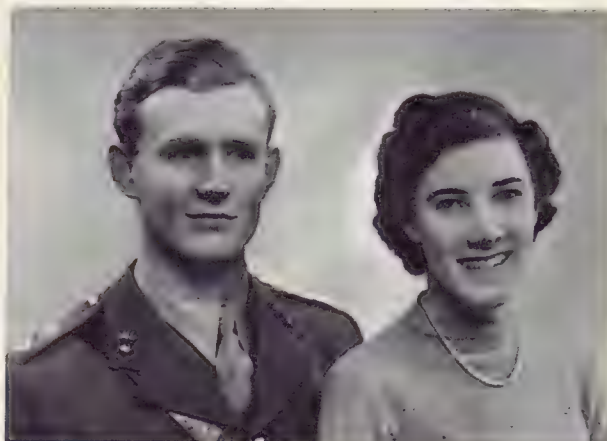
Pilot-Officer Ian Alexander Macdonald, R.A.F.V.R., son of Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Macdonald, of Virginia Water, Surrey, and Brenda Dorothy Hoare, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Hoare, of Burnside, Meole Brace, Shropshire, were married at Meole Brace Parish Church. The bride is a cousin of Sir Samuel Hoare



Fayer

Josephine Miller

Josephine Miller, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Brice Miller, of Larks Lees, Blandford, Dorset, is engaged to Lieut. Francis Perkins, D.S.C., R.N.V.R., son of Mr. and Mrs. Montague Perkins, of Greenaway House, N.W.3. She was formerly in the W.R.N.S. at Dover



Lt. H. S. Langstaff and Patricia Norris

Lieut. Henry Spurrier Langstaff, R.H.A., only son of Colonel and Mrs. J. W. Langstaff, and grandson of the late Sir Ronald Ross, is engaged to Patricia Margaret Norris, elder daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. J. S. L. Norris, of Leonard Stanley, Gloucestershire



Lenare

Pamela Broome

Pamela Broome, daughter of Lt.-Col. Broome, D.S.O., M.C., and Mrs. Broome, of Nairn House, Bournemouth, is engaged to Lt. James Alastair Wicks, Royal Gloucestershire Hussars, son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. H. W. C. Wicks, of Olive Hill, Bourton, Glos.

(Concluded on page 440)



Men's clothes by *Drescott*

Bubble and Squeak

Stories from Everywhere

"PETERBOROUGH" in the *Daily Telegraph* tells this story:

A special constable was on duty in the City. Soon after the sirens went he noticed an incendiary bomb on the Bank of England.

He rang the bell. A perfectly attired flunkey opened the door.

The constable said: "Do you know that there is an incendiary on your roof?"

"I thank you, sir," replied the flunkey. Then, turning to A.R.P. workers in the background, he said:

"Gentlemen, there is an incendiary on the roof." As he closed the door he politely dismissed the "special" with "I thank you, sir."

A SMALL boy was being shown round the Zoo by his father. After being asked what the lions, tigers, bears, etc., were, the parent was getting a little bit exhausted, and his patience was nearly at an end.

They came to the monkey house, and the little boy said:

"Daddy, what are they?"

"I don't know," replied the father, "but by the look of the sawdust on the floor, they're carpenters."

THE first day he went into the restaurant he ordered brown bread with his meal. The waitress brought white.

The second day he ordered brown bread; again she brought white. The third day he ordered brown, and again got white.

This went on for a week. On the eighth day he decided that the only way to get what he wanted was to order the opposite. So having ordered lunch, he added: "And bring me some white bread."

"But," said the waitress, "aren't you the gentleman that always has brown?"

HE was a great strong man; and had been holding forth at great length about his athletic feats.

Presently a man in his unwilling audience spoke up.

"I'll bet," he said cheerfully, "ten bob that I can wheel something in a wheelbarrow from here to the corner of the street and you can't wheel it back!"

The athletic one looked him over—a small, insignificant type of man. He thought of heavy things, bags of cement, bricks, old iron, and decided that whatever the stranger could do he could do better.

"Done," he said.

The stranger smiled, and with two witnesses they set out. A wheelbarrow was borrowed and the little man rubbed his hands and picked up the handles.

"Get in, old man," he said.

THERE was a knock at the door and when the lady of the house opened it, a policeman was standing there.

"I'm afraid," he said, "that your husband has had an accident and been taken to hospital."

"Heavens!" gasped the woman, "what a shock you gave me—I thought there was something wrong with my black-out!"

AN absent-minded professor walked into the barber's shop. He sat himself down in the chair and said to the barber:

"Hair-cut, please."

"Certainly," said the barber. "But if you really want a hair-cut, would you mind taking off your hat first?"

"Oh, I'm terribly sorry," apologised the absent-minded professor, as he hurriedly removed his head-gear, "I didn't know there was a lady present!"



"Whom do I see about an outside cabin?"

A BILLPOSTER parked his motor van and set out on some local jobs. As he was returning he saw a man steal a petrol can from the back of his vehicle and bolt with it.

He naturally chased the thief, but before he could reach him the contents of the can had been shot into the tank of a car.

On being challenged the thief tried to bluff that he had just bought the petrol.

"Petrol be _____," cried the bill-poster, "that was my reserve supply of paste."

THE proprietor of a fried fish shop went to the local food office to clear up some points.

Wandering vainly about in search of the right department, he came to a room where two ladies, neither very young nor very lovely, sat typing busily.

"Excuse me, miss," he said meekly, "are you Oils and Fats?"

"No!" snapped one of the typists. "We're Dried Fruits!"

SHE was a very trying shopper and had tried on nearly every gown in the shop. At last she looked round the place and said: "As all your dresses are so skimpy and short, I think I'd look better in something flowing."

The exhausted saleswoman had been very patient up to now, but she could stand it no longer:

"Modom might try the river," she said coldly.

A man had three sets of twins. The difficulty was to know what to call them. The first couple were girls, and he agreed to call one Kate and the other Duplicate.

The second set were boys, and the difficulty was solved by naming one Peter and the other Repeater.

They had another pair, boys again. It was settled that one should be called Max and the other Climax.



A. G. P. R.

"When did you last see your boots, ankle, pairs spare, one?"

The Smiths



prefer patriotism

- Mr. Smith:** I've just got the estimate for that job we were going to have done.
- Mrs. Smith:** Not too expensive, I hope?
- Mr. Smith:** It's very reasonable; but I hate to disappoint you, dear. I've come to the conclusion this is one of those things that ought not to be done in war time.
- Mrs. Smith:** Oh, how depressing! And I'd set my heart on it, too.
- Mr. Smith:** I know you had; so had I. But it would have used up material and labour which will be much better employed in helping to win the war.
- Mrs. Smith:** But we've been saving up for it for such a long time. After all it isn't as if we haven't done our bit. We've both got our full ration of Savings Certificates. Surely . . .
- Mr. Smith:** I know, old girl, but that's not enough. While Hitler's still on the warpath we mustn't spend on anything we can do without. I think we should go on helping to bring victory nearer by putting this money into Defence Bonds. They're a pretty good proposition, pay a steady 3% and are always worth what you gave for them.
- Mrs. Smith:** Then we can carry out our little scheme after the war?
- Mr. Smith:** . . . and be able to make a jolly sight better job of it, too!
- Mrs. Smith:** That'll be marvellous. Darling, I think you're right. After what you've said, perhaps I *wouldn't* feel happy about spending that money at the present time.

Save regularly week by week. - Go to a Post Office or your Bank or Stockbroker and put your money into 3% Savings Bonds 1955-1965, 2½% National War Bonds 1946-1948, or 3% Defence Bonds; or buy Savings Certificates; or deposit your savings in the Post Office or Trustee Savings Banks, join a Savings Group and make others join with you.

Issued by The National Savings Committee, London.



All things considered

Our uniforms have a great deal more to them than meets the eye. They are well and truly finished. Reinforcements here and there, strengthened pockets, buttonholes in exactly the right place, stitched to enable them to resist the hard daily strain imposed by metal buttons—all help a uniform to keep its original shape throughout continuous wear.

AUSTIN REED

OF REGENT STREET

BIRMINGHAM, MANCHESTER, LIVERPOOL, LEEDS, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, BELFAST, NOTTINGHAM, NORWICH, OXFORD, BOURNEMOUTH, BATH

Opened specially for the Services:

Aldershot, Amesbury, Droitwich, Llandrindod Wells, Richmond, Yorks

Opening shortly: Alton, Staffs., Grantham, Lincs., Hove, Shrivensham

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

By M. E. Brooke



The waves in this "dressing" are shaped from the centre of the head, which gives a widening effect. A few loose curls are arranged in front



The Eugene wave is exceptionally beautiful, and on account of these strenuous times it is so 'created' that it will keep in position for a long time, the woman herself being able to give it the necessary attention in the course of a few minutes. The wearing of headgear by women on duty has no deleterious effect on it



In this interpretation of modern 'dressing,' the hair is a frame to the face. It is waved and finished in a roll at the neck

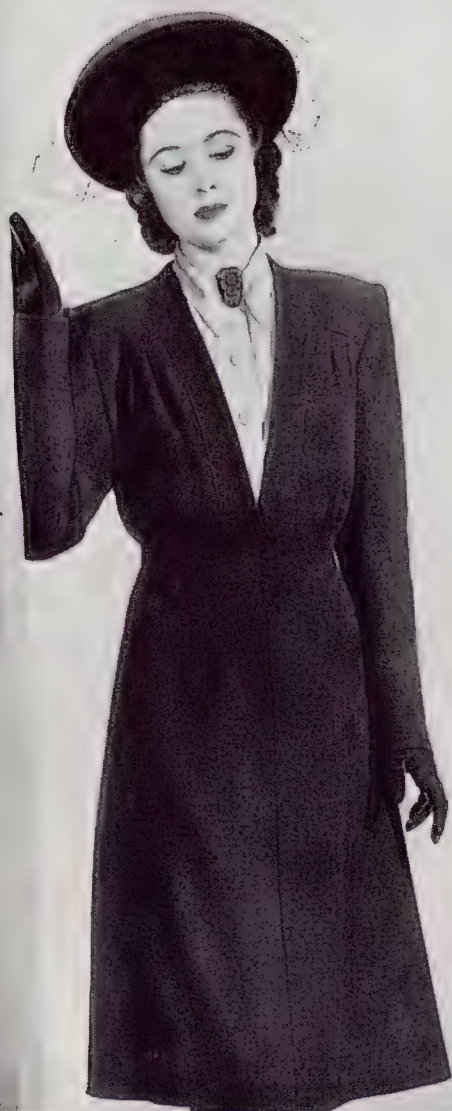
The secret of this simple style is in the graceful lines of the waves and curls on the foundation of a Eugene wave



Hand-spun Harris tweed of traditional craftsmanship has been used by Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, for this admirably tailored coat and skirt. Details should be carefully studied, and it must not be overlooked that the length of life of this material is well-nigh unending. Assembled in these salons is a comprehensive collection of tailored suits, which have been designed for women "off duty," or for those who do not wear uniform. Skirts are arranged with inverted pleats cut on the bias, old-world "frogs" and darts are introduced, while buttonholes are composed of sequins and macramé thread

A few months ago no woman gave a thought to the safeguarding of hair-pins; now they are treasured possessions. Therefore it is good news that the modern Eugene wave, no matter the style, requires very few hair-pins. Furthermore, it has a very beneficial effect on the scalp. Neither must it be overlooked that all hairdressers of prestige make a feature of it and can adapt any style that is becoming, nay, flattering, to their clients. Simplicity prevails throughout

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE



Serenade to Spring

Becoming edge-to-edge Coat in a light-weight Angora finish woollen. Gathered fullness in the bodice makes it suitable for all figures. In black, navy, and a range of new spring shades. Three sizes.

8½ Gns.

SENT ON APPROVAL

COATS by

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1

SERVICE DEPARTMENTS: Restaurant, Salad Bar, and Ladies' Hairdressing
ALL AS USUAL



For Smart Occasions

A charming and original design – the 1941 version of the braided dress; the slashed corsage gives a most becoming line. In black and navy. Sizes 40, 42, 44, 45 and 46.

9½ Gns.

Size 48, one guinea extra.

(Model Gowns, First Floor)

Debenham & Freebody

LANgham 4444 WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.1 (Debenhams Ltd.)

Getting Married (Continued)



Granlund—Head

Sub.-Lt. Henry Paddison Granlund, R.N.V.R., younger son of Canon and Mrs. O. F. Granlund of the Vicarage, Embleton, Northumberland, and Angela Grace Mary Head, only daughter of the late Sir Somerville Head, Bart., and Lady Head, of 5 Belvedere Terrace, Brighton, were married at St. John's, Hove



Harwood—Smith

Sec.-Lt. John Fisher Harwood, R.A., only son of Sir Ralph and Lady Harwood, of Old Place, Pulborough, Sussex, and Eileen Winifred Smith, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Smith, of Buck Barn, West Grinstead, Sussex, were married at West Grinstead. Sir Ralph Harwood is Governor of the London School of Economics



Williams—Mitchell

Sec.-Lt. George Mervyn Williams, Royal Fusiliers, younger son of the late Oswin Williams and Mrs. Williams, and Penelope Ann Mitchell, only daughter of Sir Frank and Lady Mitchell, of Forest House, Crowborough, Sussex, were married at All Saints', Crowborough

completes the
perfect breakfast



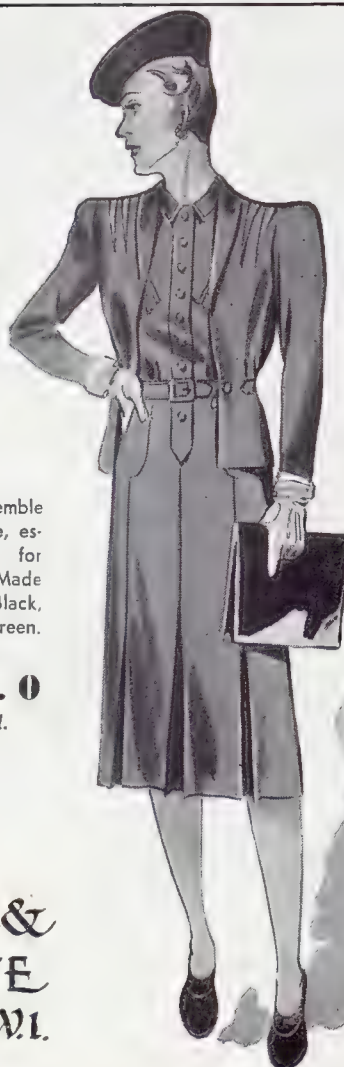
An EXTRA-SIZE GOWN

An attractive ensemble in wool georgette, especially designed for the larger figure. Made in Honey, Navy, Black, French Blue, Green. Hips 44, 46, 48.

£ 7.10.0

Sent on approval.

From
MARSHALL &
SNELGROVE
Oxford Street, W.1.



H.L.S. says

**You
can't
have it both ways**



How
Wearra
fits the
normal
foot.

You can't wear Wearra shoes and keep your pet corn. Nor can you have hot, tired, achey feet.

The reason is simple. Wearra Shoes for Men give you correct fitting both in length and width. They are supplied in sizes and half-sizes, each in slim, medium and broad. So, what chance has a corn?

There is no better-fitting or better-made shoe at any price.

Made in fine quality black or tan calf, in three American-styled models, and British made throughout.

Wearra
MULTIPLE
FITTING
SHOES FOR MEN

Send a postcard for free illustrated booklet "Footwear since the World began," also name of local stockists, to the manufacturers.
JOHN SHORTLAND LTD. (Dept. T),
Irthlingborough, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE

MORE POPULAR
THAN EVER

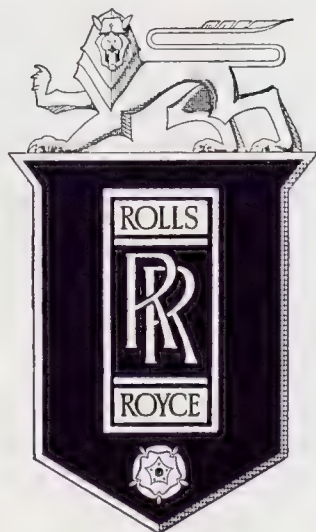


In the Mess, in hotels, restaurants and bars—no less than in the home—the call is for Whitbread's superb Pale Ale.

Brewed from British hops and barley, appetizing, refreshing, stimulating, Whitbread's superb Pale Ale is more popular than ever.

WHITBREAD'S PALE ALE

BREWED & BOTTLED BY WHITBREAD & CO., LTD., LONDON, E.C.1



It is the performance and reliability of Rolls-Royce engines which play so important a part in the achievements of British fighters and bombers. The Nation, and indeed the cause of civilisation, is fortunate in having such an organisation at its service.

Investors' Guardian

ROLLS-ROYCE

AERO ENGINES
FOR SPEED AND RELIABILITY

Women's Golf

By Eleanor E. Helme

CLOTHES and charity, both of them beginning at home, were the main concern of the Ladies' Golf Union special general meeting. Lady Astor opened the proceedings by a recital of the difficulties of dressing for her varied activities of the day, and ended them with pretty compliments to the thirty delegates on how nice and trim and well groomed they all looked. "We must not let everything go down. We must keep up appearances as well as keep up the war. We must keep tidy," was the burden of her song, and a cogent reason, no doubt, for her finding time to take the chair at the meeting and for the L.G.U. to carry bravely on.

Certainly the delegates merited her pat on the back. It was difficult to believe what things some, probably the majority, had done, seen, and suffered, since they last met to discuss golfing matters; all of them quite prepared to face up to the worst that might happen at any minute.

In the front line in fact, and holding it remarkably well, but getting on with the job under as normal an appearance as possible. There was one tin hat, duly laid on the table and Mrs. S. V. Hicks, Surrey's hon. secretary in complete A.F.S. rig out, and Miss Clark in W.V.S. uniform, just to keep us from forgetting the share of woman in wartime, 1941. And the two uniforms were every whit as smart and becoming as the town clothes of the other folk.

As to the charity, the first and most important item was the reduction of subscriptions from one half to one-third the usual rate for this year. Miss Clark and Miss Swanston did not hide the fact that this could probably only be done by some slight call on the reserves of the Union, but those had been accumulated for the good of the clubs, and could very properly be used, in moderation, throughout the war. Much would have to be done to help clubs keep on their

feet now, which was entirely sufficient reason for the reduction, and still more to get really going again after the war. So thought everybody; there was not one dissentient voice.

Nor was there over the proposal to expend £50 each war year on providing medals for club competitions organised in aid of the Red Cross. That modest expenditure in 1940 had brought in over a thousand pounds, and incidentally encouraged the playing of golf, for the undoubted good of the players' health and morale, and the pocket of hard hit professionals and their clubs. Mrs. Stork of Bradford moved that the figure might be made "approximate," to allow for any increase in the cost of the medals, and the matter went through without question.

GOLFERS' SPITFIRE FUND

CLOSES MAY 1st

Donations to Miss Helme here. No deduction for expenses. 90% to purchase of Spitfire, 10% to R.A.F. Benevolent Fund. Acknowledgments only in *Fairway and Hazard*.

So did the vote of a £25 donation to the Golfers' Spitfire Fund, which Miss Clark described as a gesture of sympathy, very rightly feeling that more could not be given from the Unions' funds when the year's workings must almost surely be at a loss. With which, again, everybody agreed.

So they did with the suggestion that the *Daily Sketch* competitions, which are to be continued this year, should be supported as far as possible. That Fund for comforts for the troops is very near the golfers' hearts.

THERE was sympathetic reference to the death of Miss Olive Reeves of Middlesex, who had represented the L.G.U. on the council of the National Playing Fields Association, and of Mrs. Leonard Murray, to whom Canadian golf had owed so much through ten

years of presidency, and many more of pioneer work for the game in that Dominion.

Then, since there were no questions under other business, nothing remained but the announcement that, as a war economy, the minutes of the meeting would not be printed, and brief votes of thanks, while Lady Astor scurried off to her next meeting—on equal compensation for women air raid victims, by way of variety. Twenty-five minutes only had that L.G.U. meeting lasted, a record if ever there was one. How much of the credit may be given to Lady Astor's chairmanship, and how much to the unifying effect of war, who shall determine?

SUCH of the community as can play golf at all will no doubt welcome the idea of two hours' extra daylight in the height of summer. With a sympathetic thought for the growing army of land girls, badly hit by the innovation, those players whose work is done by supper time, and who have any energy left, may well take out their clubs and find the evening round refreshing. In the long light evenings of Scotland, golf after supper is a commonplace; if it becomes the same here, so much the better for the health of the nation.

MONTHLY SPOON COMPETITION

Only one card was received in February and therefore no spoon is awarded.

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER during the current month must accompany any entry for THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card and certify the scratch score of the course. Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1 to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY
THE "TATLER AND BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON
MARCH

Name Mrs. Miss

Address



Nothing disfigures the face more than pouches under the eyes and upper lids, as shown in the photograph above

YOUR FACE

All intelligent men and women realise the importance of the facial appearance. It is a well-known medical fact, that to feel one's best the face must be free from Facial Blemishes such as pouches and loose skin under and above the eyes, loss of facial contour, unsightly noses, lips,

ears and skin flaws. The correction of these can only be successfully achieved by an ingenious method practised by an experienced Swiss Specialist, famous for his marvellous work in preserving and regaining the good facial appearance. Actors, film stars and business men and women, princes and statesmen—over 10,000 have been successfully treated. In the first instance write to Hystogen, 30 Old Quebec Street, Portman Square, W.1, enclosing 3d. postage for illustrated, explanatory brochure, giving the specialist's name and address. Treatment in safe area twenty-five miles from London if desired.



"MY HEAD'S HAMMERING AWAY—be an angel and bring down the HOWARDS"

A headache calls for aspirin. With the more knowledgeable it calls for HOWARDS' Aspirin. One might argue that an aspirin tablet is an aspirin tablet all the world over—that on such a point there is no need to be specific. But a similar plea might be put forward for a whisky or a perfume, or a cigar if you judge a product by the nature of its ingredients rather than by their quality. Taking an analytical view of the matter aspirins made by a firm which has specialized in medicinal products of the highest quality since the days of Marie Antoinette, are surely worth asking for by name.

HOWARDS & SONS LTD.
ILFORD Nr. LONDON

"That's quite all right it's Sportex"



Sportex—distinguished as a diplomat, smart as a guardsman, reliable as a gilt-edged security. The hardest-wearing cloth that Scotland produces. Your tailor will cut you a suit in Sportex for town or country which will grow old but never shabby in your service.

SCOTLAND'S HARDEST WEARING CLOTH



I am a unique sherry in a unique bottle

—but, owing to the necessary Government restrictions on imports, I cannot at present be shipped from Spain.

I was able to catch the last boat, but the quantity was small. I shall be ready for delivery in a few weeks, so those who require me will be able to obtain small quantities.

Therefore, those who wish to purchase a few bottles of Rednutt and thus offer their friends the finest Sherry procurable should advise my Agents in London, giving them the name and address of their usual Wine Merchants, when their requirements will be supplied as far as stocks permit.

Wholesale Agents for the United Kingdom:

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REDNUTT

BROWN SHERRY

HAPPY EVENT!

A MOTHER-TO-BE, and the looks her prettiest! The camouflage of her DU BARRY suit with self-adjusting skirt and specially balanced jacket is so good that Anne always feels poised and "right," never unhappily self-conscious. All DU BARRY MATERNITY MODELS are designed on a patented principle which makes them comfortable and concealing. Come and try on some of the really smart styles or send for beautiful folio of designs. Suit as sketched 79/6. Attractive dresses from 2 guineas.

(Right) showing simple but ingenious concealing device, patent No. 2811.



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A M. Basset 1930

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Uniform Efficiency...

No matter the Service in which you are commissioned, and when the inevitable question arises as to the choice of tailors for your outfit

BURBERRY SERVICE DRESS

acquits itself on every point of smartness, durability, confidence that it will look the part and play the part expected of it.

Full particulars and prices on request.
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LTD., LONDON, S.W.1
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Don't think you are being unpatriotic by having good lighting in your home. You can enjoy *good lighting* by using Royal "Ediswan" Coiled-Coil Lamps; they give up to 20% more light without consuming any more current.



Volts 100/130—200/260
40 watt Pearl 1/7 75 watt Pearl 1/10
60 " " 1/7 100 " " 2/-
plus Purchase Tax



ROYAL "EDISWAN" LAMPS

Obtainable at all Electrical Suppliers

An inexpensive,
practical Suit . . .
one of a collection of
three hundred only at

73'6



"Chatsworth." Well tailored Suit, perfectly cut and snug fitting in materials which lend themselves to town or country wear. In various styles and materials. Mixtures of greens, tans, browns and heather. Plain cloths in black, grey, blue or green. The quantity is limited and we cannot repeat. Hip sizes 36 to 42 in. **73'6**

SUITS : THIRD FLOOR

Swan & Edgar

Piccadilly Circus, W.1

Way of the War

(Continued from page 409)

Co-ordination Needed

FROM time to time I have suggested in these notes the need for an organisation at the British end for co-ordinating the Anglo-American war effort. With the passage of the Lease and Lend Bill—now on the statute book—the United States virtually declares herself at war on our side. She has proclaimed bravely that she is now Britain's arsenal. Britain is very much at war; and arsenals are legitimate military objectives. American visitors to this country do not beat about the bush. They say that President Roosevelt's signature to the bill was America's declaration of war against Germany and Italy.

Be that as it may, the fact remains that the United States are taxing themselves heavily—if not yet up to the hilt—and are preparing to deny themselves many luxuries of national manufacture in order to give or lend to Britain everything which could contribute to a total victory. Being sensible people, they recall very well the difficulties which attended their entry into the war of 1914-18. They are anxious to profit by the experience of those years and to ensure that their co-operation with Britain on this occasion is one hundred per cent efficient. They are by no means satisfied that the existing machinery is equal to the demand now being thrown upon it.

I fancy that this impression will be very strongly conveyed to Washington by the members of the American Air Staff who have just concluded a long and informative visit of inspection to our

fighting front and war industries. These generals have, I know, been favourably impressed by the fine work in our air unit—both bomber and fighter. But they have been depressed to see splendid American machines wasted because the young pilots have not had a chance to get first-hand instruction from representatives of the manufacturers. These men are ready and anxious to come and tell our pilots all they know. But somewhere there is opposition.

Again, the visiting mission finds that time is wasted because there is no organisation here for rapid co-ordination of all those matters affected by the Anglo-American joint effort.

Influence on Prince Paul

WITH events moving so swiftly the written word may be falsified even before it can appear in print. But there can be no doubt that British words and action, the resolution of Greece, and the calm confidence of Turkey—perhaps even the obvious anxiety of Soviet Russia—had a hardening effect in Yugoslavia.

Those who had predicted that Prince Paul or his ministers were on the verge of departing for Berlin, to join the long procession of those who have "signed on the dotted line" were proved to be wrong. People and army were at one in their determination to resist German domination by all such means as lay in their power. It became known that the country had under arms nearer to a million than half a million men. And they are bonny fighters.

In all the circumstances there seemed to be a good chance that, at this eleventh hour, a

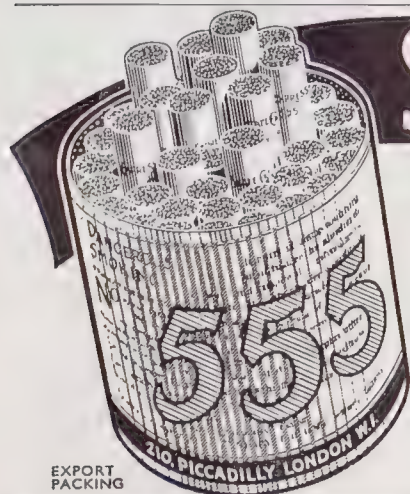


Johnson, Oxford

Liberals, Young and Old, at Oxford

Mr. B. Seebom Rowntree spoke on unemployment and industrial organisation to the young Liberals of Oxford University recently, and was photographed at the meeting at Rhodes House with Mr. H. L. Clarke, president of the Oxford University Liberal Club. Mr. Seebom Rowntree is head of the great Quaker firm of chocolate makers, and has spent many of his seventy years studying and writing on social and industrial problems.

Balkan front of united resistance, under British inspiration, was about to be formed. Perhaps, at long last, the melancholy tale of small nations allowing themselves to be consumed one by one, like the leaves of an artichoke, has come to an end.



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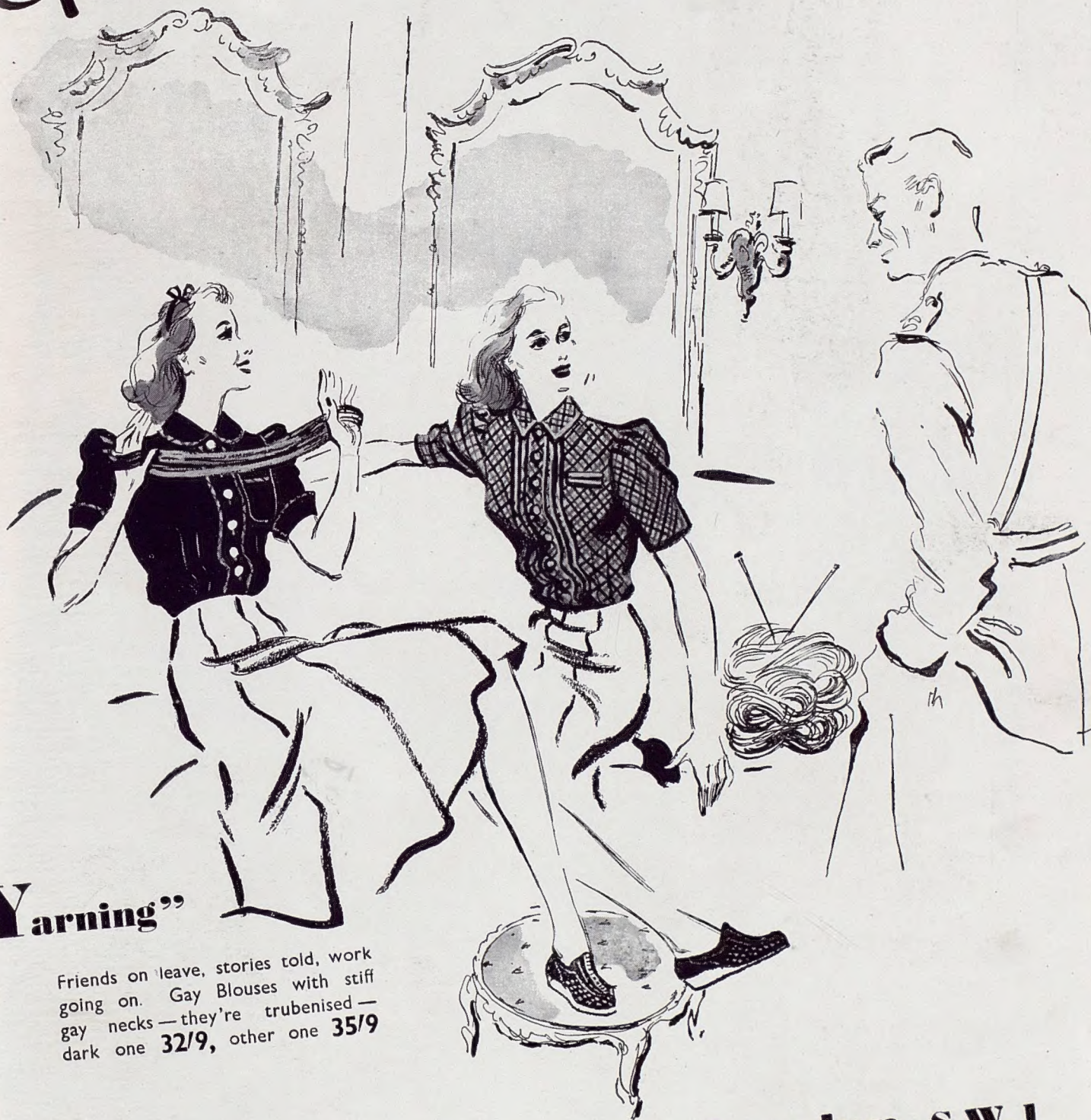
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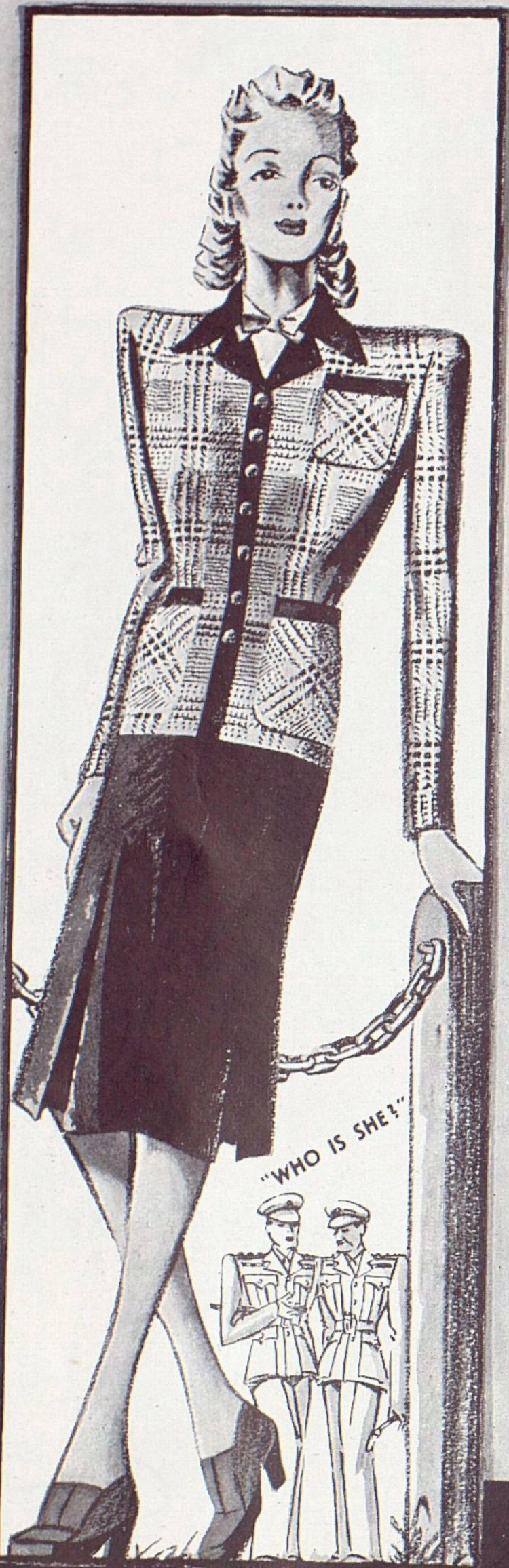
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